The Relief Society Magazine

L. 39 NO. 11 Lessons for February NOVEMBER 1952

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL BOARD

Belle S. Spafford - - - - - - - - President
Marianne C. Sharp - - - - - - First Counselor
Velma N. Simonsen - - - - - - Second Counselor
Margaret C. Pickering - - - - - Secretary-Treasurer

Achsa E. Paxman, Mary G. Judd, Anna B. Hart, Edith S. Elliott, Florence J. Madsen, Leone G. Layton, Blanche B. Stoddard, Evon W. Peterson, Leone O. Jacobs, Mary J. Wilson, Lillie C. Adams, Louise W. Madsen, Aleine M. Young, Josie B. Bay, Alta J. Vance, Christine H. Robinson, Alberta H. Christensen, Nellie W. Neal, Mildred B. Eyring, Helen W. Anderson

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - - - - Marianne C. Sharp
Associate Editor - - - - - - - - - - - - Vesta P. Crawford
General Manager - - - - - - - - - - - - Belle S. Spafford

Vol. 39 NOVEMBER 1952 No. 11

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

Announcement of Relief Society Building Site ..... Belle S. Spafford 717
"As for Me and My House, We Will Serve the Lord" ..... Belle S. Spafford 719
Joy Here and Hereafter ..... Marianne C. Sharp 722
Let Us Magnify Our Callings and Enlarge Our Souls ..... Velma N. Simonsen 724
Report and Official Instructions ..... Belle S. Spafford 728

FICTION

The Discarded Dishes ..... Angelyn W. Wadley 734
A Time to Forget — Chapter 5 ..... Fay Tarlock 746

GENERAL FEATURES

Sixty Years Ago 738
Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 739
Editorial: "Praise Ye the Lord" ..... Marianne C. Sharp 740
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities ..... General Secretary-Treasurer Margaret C. Pickering 755
From Near and Far 784

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

The Greatest Is Love ..... Betty Zieve 741
Adventure in Glass: VI. Twentieth Century Glass ..... Alberta H. Christensen 742
Adventures in Eating ..... Gladys R. Winter 752
Make Quilt Blocks Easily ..... Thalia Black 754
A Parent Is Always a Teacher ..... Caroline Eyring Miner 761

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology: Separation Into Nephites and Lamanites ..... Leland H. Monson 762
Visiting Teacher Messages: "Yea, I Know That God Will Give Liberally" ..... Leone O. Jacobs 765
Work Meeting: Orderly and Convenient Storage Areas ..... Rhea H. Gardner 766
Literature: Percy Bysshe Shelley ..... Briant S. Jacobs 769
Social Science: Modern Trends in Government ..... Archibald F. Bennett 775

POETRY

Valleyward — Frontispiece ..... Dorothy J. Roberts 715
A Story in Snow ..... Grace Sayre 718
Still Life ..... Christie Lund Coles 733
House of Happiness ..... Jennie Brimhall Knight 733
Purpose ..... Laura Lyman 741
First Snow ..... Beulah Huish Sadleir 741
Open Your Window ..... Kate Richards 741
The Path to Home ..... Mabel Law Atkinson 754
If You Should Be the One ..... Grace Barker Wilson 761
Memorable ..... Iris W. Schow 774
Autumn Night ..... Elizabeth Waters 779
Heart at Rest ..... Beatrice K. Ekman 782
Song of Loneliness ..... Vesta N. Lukei 782
Unexpressed ..... Hilda V. Cameron 783
A Little While ..... Evelyn Fjeldsted 783
Love Must Be Free ..... Ada Marie Patten 783

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 40 North Main, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, Phone 3-2741; Subscriptions 246; Editorial Dept. 245. Subscription Price: $1.50 a year; foreign, $2.00 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 15c. The Magazine is not sent after subscription expires. No back numbers can be supplied. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. The Magazine is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

rayon-nylon crepe

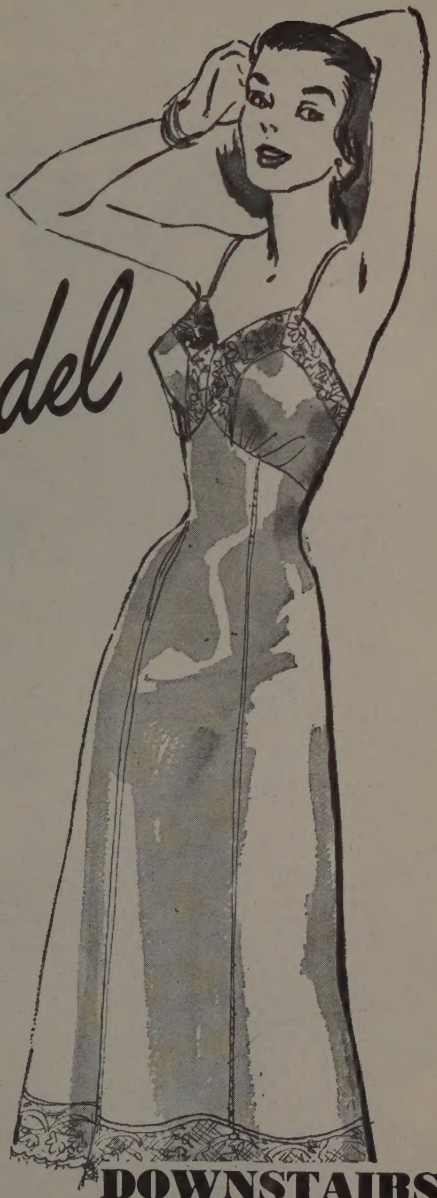
proportioned slip by

Power's Model

guaranteed for one full year

4 gore, fits all figure sizes

2.98



check these features

- ★ for perfect washability
- ★ will not shrink
- ★ won't twist, ride up
- ★ won't strain at seams
- ★ finest quality fabric
- ★ nylon fagotted seams
- ★ lavish nylon lace trim
- ★ gives full year's wear
- ★ white, pink, black
- ★ tall, average, petite
- ★ sizes 32 to 44

Mail orders filled promptly.
Give size, color; 15c postage.
Utahns please add 2% sales tax.

DOWNSTAIRS

ZCMI

STORE

Valleyward

Dorothy J. Roberts

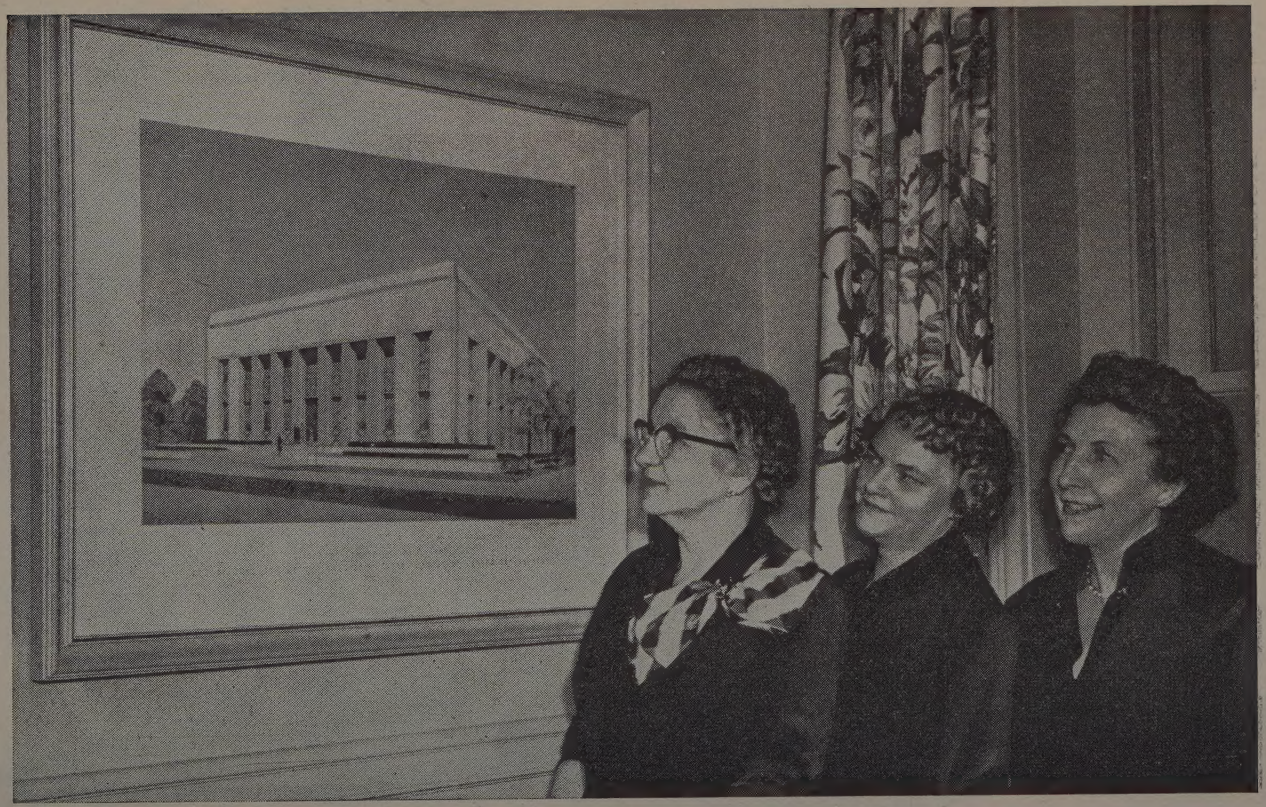
I must not roam the autumn hills
Nor drink their glory long,
Lest flame ignite the flame in me
And rouse too strange a song.

I should not follow mauve that twists
The straight and level way
Of valley roads to fit the wild,
Free flight of a mountain day;

Nor hear the liquid melody
Caress the maple's root,
Nor too long watch the siren wind
Sweep trails for the errant foot.

I must descend from blazing heights
To planes the mind may bear,
Where wisdom curbs the careless stream
And lays a thoroughfare.

The Cover: Chrysanthemums, Photograph by Ward Linton
Frontispiece: Mount Moran, Wyoming, Photograph by James E. Russell



GENERAL PRESIDENCY OF RELIEF SOCIETY VIEWS ARCHITECT'S
DRAWING OF RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING

Announcement of Relief Society Building Site

[Announcement Made at Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 2, 1952]

President Belle S. Spafford

SEVEN years ago at the general session of our Relief Society conference, we spoke to you of an unfulfilled dream that had persisted in the minds and hearts of Relief Society women through the years—the dream of having a Relief Society building, a home of our own, one that would beautifully and suitably represent the women of the Church. We told you of the urgent existing need for such a building more adequately to house the general offices and to enable us to better serve the sisters of the Church.

At the conference held in 1947, we proposed a plan, which you voted upon, whereby our Relief Society women would raise a total of $500,000—or half a million, to be used in the erection of the building. This vast sum of money was to be raised in one year. It was a mammoth undertaking for the sisters, but with characteristic loyalty and zeal, with a spirit of love for Relief Society in their hearts, they went forward to accomplish the task. The blessings of our Heavenly Father were poured out upon us, and just one year, lacking two days, from the time the fund-raising program was launched, we were able to announce in our general conference the full accomplishment of the task we had set ourselves. A total of $554,016 had been contributed to the Building Fund. Since that date the fund has been increased by further contributions and interest from the bank, to a total of $569,115.89 as of today.

Since the culmination of the fund-raising program, we have anxiously awaited the time when the First Presidency would designate the building site. Today, our hearts are filled to overflowing with thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father and with gratitude to the First Presidency for authorizing us to announce at this conference to the Relief Society sisters throughout the world, the site granted by the First Presidency upon which our Relief Society Building will be erected. I am sure this news will be received with rejoicing by Relief Society women wherever they may be.

The site granted us for the building is the corner property at Main and North Temple Streets, in front of the Joseph Smith Memorial Building.

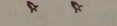
FROM the depths of our hearts we thank President McKay, President Richards, and President Clark for their deep understanding of our needs and desires, and for

their great consideration in granting us this choice site, one that has been the continued first choice of the general presidency; one that fulfills the desire of President Zina D. H. Young expressed in 1896 when she said, "We want to have a house and we want land to build it on, and it should be in the shadow of the temple."

We thank our advisors, Brother Joseph Fielding Smith and Brother Mark E. Petersen, for their support and counsel in this program. We thank the other General Authorities for the consideration they have shown us. We were greatly helped by the counsel and encouragement given us by the Presiding Bishopric. I especially mention Elder LeGrand Richards with whom we worked so closely while he served as Presiding Bishop. Brother Richards inspired us with courage and a spirit of confidence.

We love and appreciate the sisters of Relief Society throughout the world for their loyal support and great accomplishments in behalf of the building. Above all, we acknowledge the merciful kindness of the Lord toward his daughters.

As a presidency we assure you of our earnest desire to do only those things which are for the upbuilding of Relief Society. We offer our full devotion and best efforts to the completion of this wonderful program, ever obedient to the counsel and direction of the Priesthood authorities who preside over us.



A Story in Snow

Grace Sayre

Only a magic paragraph
Lies between the robin's call
And the bright field—a wonderland
Of sparkling air—the first snowfall.
But countless dreams have run between
The dogwood's grace to winter bloom;
Along the margin, now briefly sketched
Is winter's feathery plume.
Between the stanzas of the year,
Write winter footnotes, brightly penned.
Here is the book, the plot, the ink,
Write, as the snow's soft flakes descend.

"As for Me and My House, We Will Serve the Lord"

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 2, 1952]

President Belle S. Spafford

IT is with a feeling of deep humility and a sincere recognition of my great need for the sustaining spirit of the Lord to attend me that I speak to you today.

Conference sessions such as this are designed to acquaint us with what our Father requires of us as his children; to upbuild our faith and strengthen our testimonies; to direct us along the paths of righteous endeavor. I earnestly pray what I say may bear out, at least in some small measure, the purposes for which we are convened.

Today I should like to bring to your minds a message from an ancient prophet of Israel, the prophet Joshua. This message was of great significance in the day it was given, and it continues with us today of equal import.

The tribes of Israel had inclined their hearts toward a worship of strange gods. Joshua, fearing for his people, "gathered all the tribes to Shechem, and called for the elders of Israel, and for their heads, and for their judges, and for their officers, and they presented themselves before God" (Joshua 24:1).

And Joshua warned them of what was happening among them. Earnestly admonishing them to put away the strange gods that were among them, he called upon them to repent, exhorting them to serve the Lord, God of Israel, in sincerity and truth. Then, in the power and majesty of his calling as their prophet, he called upon them thus: "Choose you this day whom ye will serve . . . but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord" (Joshua 24:15).

The choice to be made by these tribes of Israel that day is a choice which men have had to make through the ages. Countless numbers have chosen, as did Joshua of old, to serve the Lord in sincerity and truth: tens of thousands among us today have so chosen.

For those who make this choice the path is straight and narrow, but the road is well marked. None who earnestly desire to follow it need go astray. If we would serve the Lord, we must love him, for it is not given to men to serve whom they love not. We must love our neighbors as ourselves. It is attendant upon those who choose to serve the Lord to obey the ordinances and keep the commandments of God. We must remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; we must bring our tithes and offerings to the storehouse of the Church; we must fast and pray; we must keep ourselves pure in body and in spirit; we must keep the countless commandments which the Lord has given us for our well-being and for the establishment of his kingdom.

If we would have our households serve the Lord (and what parent who loves the Lord has peace of soul without this?) then we must

maintain homes of faith and righteousness, putting obedience and service to God foremost. We must ever hold before our families a vision of the greatness, the goodness, the power, and the love of God. We must help them to see the wisdom of his ways, the priceless worth of his words, and the precious values accruing to those who do his will, even though they may not fully comprehend his purposes. We must never be found compromising in the slightest degree with sin nor surrendering even in the smallest measure to that which runs counter to his teachings.

These things are contingent upon all who make the choice made by Joshua. In addition, the Lord makes special and individual requirements of almost everyone. Some of these are related to the work of the Church; others are highly personal in nature. Some are fulfilled with comparative ease and rejoicing; others are difficult, testing the faith and trying the soul. Such requirements are made by our Father of his daughters as well as of his sons.

WE remember the special requirement made of Hannah, one that would have sorely tested any mother. Hannah was without a child. So sad was her heart over this, so say the scriptures, that "she wept and did not eat . . . she was in bitterness of soul." Then Hannah prayed unto the Lord, petitioning him that he should give unto her a man child. And the Lord heard her petition and answered it. To Hannah was born a son, who was called Samuel. Then Hannah rejoiced in the Lord, saying: "There is none holy as the Lord: for there is none beside thee: neither is there any rock like our God" (I Sam. 2:2).

But it was required of Hannah that she should keep the vow she had made with the Lord, that she should give the child Samuel to the Lord as soon as he was weaned, that she should take him to the temple where, under the care and guardianship of Eli, the priest, he should be trained to minister in the temple. What a severe requirement to be made of Hannah! What a test for any mother! Like any mother, she must have wondered how Eli would care for her baby. She must have wondered if the babe would waken in the night and miss her. She must have wondered how her own longing heart could be comforted.

But Hannah had chosen to serve the Lord. She loved the Lord. God had been good to her. He had taken away her reproach. He had assuaged her heart hunger by sending her the child. She stood ready to keep the covenant she had made with him. She bequeathed this most precious gift to the Lord, and mother-like, she found solace in each year making for her son a coat which she brought to him when she came up to the temple with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice.

We remember the requirements made of the mother of Moses; of Deborah when she was called upon to lead the hosts of Israel in battle; of Mary, the mother of Jesus. We remember the requirements made of our own pioneer women of Nauvoo. Facing unspeakable hardships, they left the comfortable homes

which they and their husbands had built with thrift and industry, and they courageously set out to establish new homes in a barren wasteland, driven thence because they had chosen to serve the Lord.

The Lord has given to us a perfect and a divine organization, his Church, through which we are kept aware of our obligations and responsibilities to him and through which we may most effectively serve him in the establishment of his kingdom. He has been especially mindful of the women of the Church, giving unto us our beloved Relief Society through which we are to do that part of his work which is according to the natures of women. Some there are among us who, though expressing a will to serve the Lord, fail to recognize this, seeing in this society only another woman's organization dedicated to worthy purposes. Some there are who even place it beneath other women's organizations in importance. Lured by worldly popularity and acclaim, induced by personal advantage and prestige, perhaps deceived by flattery or confused by false values, they relegate this divinely established society to a position of lesser importance in their lives, or even neglect it entirely, rather than to place it first and to cling fast to it above all others because it is the medium given us by the Lord through which Latter-day Saint women are to do their part in the establishment of his kingdom.

Our latter-day prophets have said of Relief Society:

> No other woman's organization in all the earth has had such a birth. This divinely inspired origin brings with it a corresponding responsibility, in consecration to service, and in the loftiest loyalty to the Priesthood of God and to one another . . . members should permit neither hostile nor competitive interests of any kind to detract from the duties and obligations, the privileges and honors, the opportunities and achievements of membership in this great Society.

THE Lord has always been mindful of those who serve him. Great and marvelous are his benefactions to his children. Did not Joshua remind Israel of this when he declared:

> For the Lord our God, he it is that brought us up and our fathers out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage, and which did those great signs in our sight, and preserved us in all the way wherein we went, and among all the people through whom we passed (Joshua 24:17).

Did the Lord not bless Hannah for her righteousness so that she bore three sons and two daughters, and has her name not been perpetuated through the ages of time because of the righteous works of her son Samuel as a prophet and servant of the Lord? Of all the children whom she bore, it was the son whom she dedicated to the Lord who brought lasting honor to her name.

Did the Lord not bless the arid soil of this desert land that it would yield fruitful crops? Did he not preserve his followers from famine by sending the gulls?

Has he not blessed your household and mine even beyond our greatest hopes when we have served him in full righteousness?

The world today is moving at a fast and reckless pace. The problems, the struggles, the sorrows, and the heartaches press hard upon us. Few there are who are spared. At

times, even though we may be living to the best of our knowledge and understanding, we are called upon to pass through experiences the reason for which we fail to understand. Big trials and little ones seem to be the lot of man. Evil influences are abroad threatening our homes and our families. They are at times so subtle as to be almost unrecognizable yet so powerful as to destroy. We hear on every side: whither are we heading; where will it all end; what is to become of us; what are we to do?

For our Relief Society sisters there is but one answer: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." In this lies our hope, our peace, our comfort, our strength, and our promise. In this we fulfill our earthly mission, earning for ourselves exaltation in our Father's kingdom.

That the Lord will bless the sisters of Relief Society with the will to serve him in full righteousness, and with the strength and wisdom to so order their homes and so direct their children that they will grow up with a love of God foremost in their hearts and a willingness to serve him, is my earnest prayer.

* * * *

Joy Here and Hereafter

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 2, 1952]

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

WE are living in a day which the Savior foretold as a time of wars and rumors of wars, of famines, of pestilences, and of earthquakes. The vanities of the world, pride, the cares and corruption of the world are thrust close to our lives. In spite of outward and even inner conflicts, however, Latter-day Saints must stand firm and strive to be the leaven to lighten the world.

However, we cannot escape all the judgments of God which are being poured out upon the inhabitants of the earth. The Prophet Joseph Smith pointed out "the law of heaven . . . does not promise that the believer in every age should be exempt from the afflictions and troubles arising from different sources in consequence of the acts of wicked men on earth" (D.H.C. II, page 7).

On the contrary, we know that Latter-day Saints have been called upon and are today called upon to endure many afflictions and to pass through many troubles. This, however, should be expected as a part of the probationary period which this world provides for its inhabitants, as a testing ground to see whether or not we will hearken to the words of the Lord and keep his commandments. It is in times of stress and trouble that a person reveals his strengths and weaknesses, and through experiences of anguish we progress either toward the light

or turn away into darkness. Of the Savior himself it is recorded, "though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered" (Hebrews 5:8).

In spite of the sorry state of the world, Latter-day Saints cannot allow themselves to be crushed by their worries and cares, but, instead, we must remember the great purpose of man's existence on earth as declared by Lehi, "Men are, that they might have joy" (2 Nephi 2:25). Joy here and hereafter should be the daily and eternal goal of Latter-day Saints. The Prophet Joseph Smith stated the aim of existence in these words, "Happiness is the object and design of our existence; and will be the end thereof, if we pursue the path that leads to it; and this path is virtue, uprightness, faithfulness, holiness, and keeping all the commandments of God" (D.H.C. V, pp. 134-135).

What are a few of the principles by which we should live to experience this joy? One, fundamental to our happiness, is to acknowledge the hand of the Lord in all the trials and sorrows which may come to us, for he declares, "And in nothing doth man offend God, or against none is his wrath kindled save those who confess not his hand in all things, and obey not his commandments" (D. & C. 59:21). By so doing, even with our mortal understanding, sometimes we can discern a purpose. But when we cannot, we must accept adversity as we accept good fortune, knowing that these things are all for our experience and refining.

Contrast this attitude which engenders joy with that of an unfortunate person who lost a loved member from the family circle. Because of the sorrow of the family, the person decided that no loving Heavenly Father would permit such suffering. This attitude finally resulted in a denial of the very existence of God and in discarding the light of the gospel. There was an utter lack of appreciation shown by this person for the great principles of sacrifice and suffering. There was no recognition of the suffering of the Father himself at seeing his beloved Son undergo the agony of Gethsemane and the cross, that thereby we all might receive eternal joy. If we would have joy, we must accept the truth that sacrifice and suffering are essential to our progress and are to be borne with fortitude and a cheerful heart.

HOW often in Holy Writ does the Lord admonish us to be of good cheer and to do things with cheerful hearts and countenances. To make the best of any situation we may find ourselves in makes for happiness. I recall the instance of a sister who nursed a paralyzed son for twenty years. Never was she heard to utter a complaint either at her own lot or that of her son's. She served him not only with the loving devotion of a mother but with a cheerful heart and joy in her soul. Only she and the Lord knew of her moments of travail, and surely he comforted her, for she always looked on the bright side of life and maintained her home in its former spirit of thanksgiving and gratitude. Truly she had found the mainspring of joy in her soul.

If we would find joy, we must heed the Lord's word, "If thou art sorrowful, call on the Lord thy God

with supplication, that your souls may be joyful" (D. & C. 136:29). Where else can we seek joy in sorrow but from the Lord? "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: And ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light" (Matt. 11:28-30).

One of the surest means of bringing joy unto the soul is to obey the second great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Ministering to another's need fills the soul with joy. But if we refuse a call, what despondency and turmoil crowd the soul! Brigham Young once asked "What will give a man joy?" His answer was "That which will give him peace" (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, p. 362). The words of Alma state the truth, "Wickedness never was happiness."

We will never find joy in living after the manner of the world, for the Lord commands us "to lay aside the things of the world" (D. & C. 25:10). As we grow older, true values become more apparent and a greater realization comes to us of the necessity to spend our time in the pursuit of "virtue, uprightness, faithfulness, and holiness."

The words of Brigham Young sound a warning and a promise: "The only heaven for us is that which you make yourselves. My heaven is here (laying his hand upon his heart). I carry it with me" (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, page 362).

We must carry our own joy with us in our souls, received continually by prayer to the Lord and by living the commandments. The joy in the knowledge of the gospel and the living of it is beyond that of everything else. May each of us here prove in our own lives the truth of the words "Men are, that they might have joy" is my prayer.

* * * *

Let Us Magnify Our Callings and Enlarge Our Souls

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 2, 1952]

Counselor Velma N. Simonsen

THIS is a frightening experience, to stand in this great building and address this vast audience of Relief Society women. I pray that the Lord will bless me that I may overcome some of my great fear, that I may say some word that will inspire us to be more valiant in helping to build his kingdom here upon the earth.

Recently, I had occasion to reread the minutes of the early Relief Society meetings in which the Prophet Joseph Smith gave counsel and instructions for the guidance of the Relief Society. I was impressed

by the number of times he admonished us to "expand our souls" and to "magnify our callings." He said, "Everyone should aspire to magnify his own office, meekness, love, purity, these are the things that should magnify us." And "Let your hearts expand, let them be enlarged toward others." And again, "You must enlarge your souls toward others." I wonder if we are neglecting this counsel: to enlarge our souls, to magnify our offices?

The vast majority of us here today hold the important calling of mothers and homemakers. This is a calling we must constantly endeavor to magnify. It will certainly enlarge our souls. Most of us have personally experienced the glories of motherhood and the joy that comes of homemaking, but are we consciously magnifying that calling in the sight of our daughters? I am sure we need to do so.

Last week, in talking to a young mother, I mentioned that I was to talk in Relief Society conference. She said, "Please say something to the mothers about the need for them to teach their daughters the importance of being homemakers." She said that among her friends the greatest cause for unhappiness and discontent that she had observed was in girls feeling that they had given up remunerative, interesting, and important positions or careers in the business world to become what they termed "mere housekeepers."

Just yesterday I met another young friend who recently married and moved to another state to live. She was home on a visit. I asked her how she was enjoying her new home. She said, "I am having a wonderful time. Most of the friends I have met do not have any children, the few that do have children have very good baby tenders, so we play golf or tennis in the mornings and bridge in the afternoons. It is a great life if I do not get fed up with it."

Of course she will get "fed up" with what she is doing. Golf and tennis are fine recreational activities, but anything in excess is not good; and they are not activities that are worth the full time of a Latter-day Saint wife. But she will find herself, for I know her Latter-day Saint mother, and her training has been for something better than for that which she is doing. Mothers, let us teach our daughters the glories of true motherhood, the joys of homemaking, and the responsibilities that go along with such a career.

Brigham Young (in his discourses) tells us that women have great influence, that besides being the mainspring and soul of our being, they wield a great influence in guiding the destinies and lives of men upon the earth. He says, "The mothers are the moving instruments in the hands of Providence to guide the destinies of nations." He also says that we should use that influence in training our children in the way they should go, and if we fail to do this, we assume fearful responsibilities (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, pp. 308-309).

Sisters, we also have the great blessing of sharing the Priesthood with our husbands and sons. Are we magnifying that office by helping our sons or our husbands to honor their callings? Do we make it easy and pleasant for them to at-

tend their Priesthood meetings and to fulfill their Priesthood assignments, thereby showing our appreciation of this great blessing?

A short time ago my husband and I, with some friends, were guests in the home of a wealthy widow. As we were leaving her home we thanked her for her gracious and bounteous hospitality. She said, "Do not thank me, I am the receiver tonight, for you have brought into my home the influence and spirit of the Priesthood." One of the sisters said, "I know what you mean." She replied, "Oh, no you don't, there is not one of you women here who knows what I mean, for you have always had the Priesthood in your homes through your fathers or your husbands. My husband was not a member of the Church and, although we have had great material wealth, there has never been a time when I would not have gladly given it all to have had my husband hold the Priesthood."

Sisters, let us study and pray that we might know the great blessing which is ours, and that we might magnify our callings as sharers of the Priesthood.

Too often we are not aware of the importance of our position as women and members of the Church. Too often we feel that if we are not especially called to some position of prominence we have little opportunity to do good, or that our work is of little value or consequence.

The story is told of some children who went to glean in a wheat field. Most of the children worked steadily, but there was one who seemingly wasted much of his time visiting with other children and admiring nature. When evening came, the angel of the wheat field called to the children to bring in their sheaves to the gate. So the children came. Some had great piles laid close and even; some had large, loose sheaves that looked more than they were; but the child that had run after the butterflies came empty-handed.

The angel said, "Where are your sheaves?" The child hung his head and said, "I had some, but I have lost them, I know not how."

"None enters this gate without sheaves," said the angel.

"I know that," said the child, "but I came to see where the others were going, besides the children would not leave me behind."

Then all the children cried out together. One said "Dear angel, let him in. This morning I was sick. This child came and showed me the butterflies and I forgot my pain. And he also gave me of his sheaves."

Another said, "Dear angel, let him in! At noon the sun beat on my head so fiercely that I fainted and fell down; this child brought water to revive me and was so glad and merry that my strength returned. He gave me also of his sheaves."

And a third said, "Just now, as evening was coming, I was weary and sad, and had so few sheaves that it seemed hardly worth my while to go on working, but this child comforted me, and gave me of his sheaves. Look! it may be that this sheaf is his."

AND all the children said, "We too have sheaves of his, dear angel, let him in, we pray you." The angel smiled and reached his hand inside the gate and brought out a pile of sheaves. It was not large, but the glory of the sun was on it so that it seemed to brighten the whole field. "Here are his sheaves," said the angel. "They are known and counted every one." And he said to the child, "Lead the way in."

Recently a humble, retiring sister whom I had loved passed away. As I was preparing to go to her funeral, the thought came to me, "I wish more people had known this dear sister as I knew her for her many small acts of kindness to me." I was afraid there would be few at the church to pay their last respects to her. I was mistaken, the meetinghouse was packed with people. A prominent member of the Church spoke at the services. In his remarks he said, "To my knowledge this sister never did a spectacular thing in her life. There will be no monuments raised to her memory. She wrote no great poems, nor did she ever make great music. Judged by the world's standards, she was unimportant. But she has a record of seven years of one hundred per cent Relief Society visiting teaching. She carried about in her soul the divine art of making peace, of planting hope in forlorn hearts, and planting faith in bleak and barren lives, of banishing gloom and dispelling fear, and of encouraging people to new endeavor. She has done temple work, visited the sick, and administered in homes where death was. She has a record bright with deeds of mercy, and when she is judged by the Supreme Judge, she will be one of God's noble-women."

How well my friend obeyed the counsel of the Prophet to magnify her calling and to expand her soul toward others! The spirit of unselfish giving of one's means and of oneself is a fundamental part of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

As Relief Society members, we have a most wonderful channel through which to serve each other and the stranger at our doors. Opportunity is ever open to us to learn of the needs and the discouragements—the hopes and the fears of those about us. And, though rushed by our own daily tasks, may we yet find time or take time to ease the burden of others and to magnify our callings and enlarge our souls, is my prayer.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Yea, blessed are they whose feet stand upon the land of Zion, who have obeyed my gospel; for they shall receive for their reward the good things of the earth, and it shall bring forth in its strength. And they shall also be crowned with blessings from above, yea, and with commandments not a few, and with revelations in their time—they that are faithful and diligent before me (D. & C. 59:3-4).

Report and Official Instructions

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 1, 1952]

President Belle S. Spafford

IT is now my pleasure and privilege to present to you a brief report of the status of the society as revealed in the 1951 annual reports, as well as to bring to you a few suggestions to aid you in carrying forward the work along approved lines.

Organizations and Reorganizations

At the close of 1951 there was a total of 188 stake and forty-two mission organizations, an increase over 1950 of eight stakes and one mission. Records reveal at the close of 1951 a total of 3,177 local Relief Societies, an increase of 196 over the previous year.

We sincerely thank the sisters who have presided over the stake and mission Relief Societies and who are now relieved of this responsibility. We appreciate their services. We extend to the sisters who now hold these positions our love and best wishes for success and joy in their new labors.

Missions

The United States missions are contributing materially to the strength of Relief Society in all aspects of the work. We especially recognize their accomplishments in visiting teaching, compassionate services, and *Magazine* circulation.

Reports from foreign missions are heartening. The basic purposes of the society are being kept well in mind and the work directed toward their fulfillment.

Membership

Relief Society as a whole made a substantial membership increase of 5,901 during 1951, giving us a total of 132,451 members. We commend you for your efforts to enlist new members, particularly young mothers. A number of you have changed the time of meetings to morning or evenings to suit the convenience of young mothers with small children. In many instances this has proved helpful; in a few cases it has not achieved the desired results. We are wondering if in those instances in which it has been unsuccessful if the change of time was based upon a sufficiently thorough knowledge and sound appraisal of the need for change.

Evening Relief Societies

With regard to evening meetings, we recognize that in some wards they are definitely to be preferred or are even essential to a successful Relief Society. However, we must also recognize that there are certain problems incident to them. We should hold evening meetings only when a survey of the membership or a careful and sound determination of the ward situation shows it to be the time most convenient for the greatest number of eligible members within the ward. Generally speaking, daytime meetings are to be desired for mothers. Most mothers, particularly those with adolescent children, need to be in their homes with their families at

night; frequently our older sisters cannot attend at night, and they must be considered; in wards scattered over a wide area transportation to and from meetings at night becomes a problem; visits by stake leaders become limited, and when distances are great, they may have to be discontinued; evening does not lend itself to complete work meeting activities, while visiting teaching and most of our welfare work must continue as daytime activities.

Evening Union Meetings

Evening ward Relief Societies are frequently officered by women who are employed in the daytime, which precludes attendance at a daytime union meeting. These officers need and desire union meeting help and have appealed to stake officers to hold this meeting at night. While we recognize the value accruing to ward officers from the union meeting and regret to see any officer denied this help in the conduct of her work, we feel that the needs of the few who cannot attend in the daytime scarcely warrant bringing the many out at night. We, therefore, encourage you to hold daytime union meetings. Of course, in those instances where the Relief Society departmental session of the stake leadership meeting is considered as the union meeting, the meeting of necessity would be an evening meeting.

Average Attendance

Average attendance at the regular meetings for the general membership showed an encouraging increase of 5.76 per cent. There is in attendance at regular meetings an average of 45,524 women. This, we realize, is only thirty-four per cent of our enrolled members, but it represents the largest increase we have had for several years.

Visiting Teaching

We are deeply grateful for the marked increase in the number of visiting teacher visits, the quality of teaching being done, and the splendid accomplishments of the nearly 50,000 faithful Latter-day Saint women who month by month perform this needed service. There were 2,055,803 visits made during 1951, an increase over the previous year of almost 150,000 visits.

Educational Program

During 1951, sixty per cent of our members participated in leadership activities. Of this number 10,568 were engaged in teaching the prescribed courses of study in the wards and branches. Courses of study are carefully planned with a view to building testimonies of the gospel and to have meaning in the lives of Relief Society members.

Reports from the stakes indicate that 45,206 women have read the section of the Book of Mormon covered by the lessons for the first year of the course. This represents 34.13 per cent of our enrolled members. This season the sisters are to be encouraged to read the first and second books of Nephi. Officers will be asked to submit to the general board at the close of the season a report similar to the one called for this year.

Work Meeting

Figures for 1951 show the work meeting to be the third best at-

tended in the stakes and the least best attended in the missions. Sewing continues to be the major activity of the day, in line with the recommendation of the general board. There were 178,441 articles produced during 1951. However, only a little over one-fourth of our women sewed at the monthly work meeting.

We encourage you to use the lessons on "Home Management" in your stakes. They are needed.

Stake presidents who desire to do so may invite to the regular work-meeting department of union meeting the sisters who have the special assignment to teach the recommended work meeting lessons on "Home Management" in the wards of their stakes. In such cases, the stake work-meeting leader, in addition to assisting the ward work meeting leaders with regular work meeting activities, should devote a portion of the class period at union meeting to a consideration of the recommended "Home Management" lessons.

Book Reviews

We note a growing tendency toward the use of book reviews at work meetings, as well as for opening and closing socials; in some cases a fee is charged in connection with the socials. I quote the recommendation of the general board with regard to the use of book reviews in connection with work meetings, published in the October 1944 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*: "Books should be carefully selected. This feature, while appropriate for occasional use, should not be overdone nor used to the exclusion of other types of activities." This matter has recently been considered by the present general board and the 1944 ruling is fully endorsed.

With regard to the use of book reviews for opening and closing socials, it is the viewpoint of the general board that programs for these socials should reflect the activities of the society and provide opportunity to use the talents and abilities of as many of the sisters as possible. They should be characterized by a spirit of sociability. While we would not rule out book reviews at opening and closing socials, we feel that most careful consideration should be given to their use, bearing in mind the interests and needs of the members, as well as what you wish to accomplish by these socials.

Socials and Membership Dues

With regard to fees for the opening and closing socials, these socials are part of a well-defined purpose of the society to provide social activities for Latter-day Saint women within the realm and under the direction of Relief Society. The opening social focuses attention upon the forthcoming season's work, bringing the sisters together in a spirit of sociability and friendliness, and is often a means of enlisting them as members of the society. The closing social is an expression of appreciation for the support the sisters have given the society throughout the season. Considering this, it scarcely seems befitting to charge for such socials unless treasuries are so depleted as to make it absolutely necessary in order to cover the actual costs of the function. The general board recommends that they be not used for money-making purposes.

Some societies make a charge for these socials equal in amount to the annual membership dues, others make a charge sufficiently high to include the amount required for membership dues in addition to a fee for the function. Officers then credit those attending with having paid their dues. The general board sees no objection to urging members to pay their annual membership dues at the opening social itself or at the first Relief Society gathering in October, but it is the opinion that dues should be paid as dues and not as a fee to a social.

Welfare Activities

Throughout the Church the sisters are giving excellent support to the Church Welfare program, with 12,856 sisters sewing for Church Welfare at the work meetings during 1951. There were 3,492 who sewed at sewing centers, and 10,595 women who helped with welfare projects other than sewing. There were 7,310 initial and 17,162 follow-up visits made to families in need by Relief Society presidents under the direction of their respective bishops. While this was fewer than the previous year, we know presidents ever stand ready to render this service upon request of their bishops.

Compassionate services continue to expand. There was a total of 193,558, or an increase of 11,200 visits made to the sick and homebound. There were 21,636 eight-hour days of bedside nursing care given the sick. The number of funerals at which Relief Society assisted totaled 5,952, an increase of 503. The narrative reports indicate a growing solicitude for the aged, the infirm, and the homebound, for which we are extremely grateful.

In view of the great shortage of nurses, both practical and registered, and considering the ever-growing trend toward hospitalization for the sick, Relief Society, in meeting its responsibilities to the sick, has felt to encourage nurse training. We acknowledge your efforts and accomplishments with great appreciation. We call your attention to the editorial on this subject in the August 1952 issue of the *Magazine*.

Because of the nurse shortage and because we realize the great value to the home of mothers having some knowledge of home nursing, we encourage you to provide instructions wherever possible in home nursing for Relief Society members. We suggest that you consult your local Red Cross chapter to ascertain whether or not they are in a position to co-operate with you in conducting such classes.

Food at Funerals

Questions with regard to Relief Society providing food for the family of a deceased person at the time of the funeral are recurring with considerable frequency. This service is not a required service under all circumstances, but, like all other welfare services of Relief Society, is based upon need. Need may not necessarily be financial. Upon ward Relief Society presidents rests the responsibility for determining the need of a family for this service. We also refer you to the *Handbook*, page 84, the paragraph "Service at Time of Death."

Ward Relief Society Conferences

Since 1942 the evening meeting of the November fast Sunday has been assigned to Relief Society by

the First Presidency and has been designated by the general board as the time for holding the annual ward Relief Society conference. However, in instances where Priesthood authorities now hold a week-day Relief Society ward conference, this conference will be regarded and recorded as the annual ward Relief Society conference. The Sunday evening meeting will then be regarded and recorded as a special Relief Society Sunday evening program. However, in those instances wherein a week-day conference does not include the holding of an officers' meeting and the sustaining of officers and teachers, the general board recommends that these features be included as a part of the November Sunday evening meeting activities.

Where a monthly ward leadership meeting is held with Relief Society officers and class leaders meeting in a departmental session, the session nearest to the date of the ward Relief Society conference may be considered as the officers' meeting of the conference unless the bishop otherwise designates. If the Relief Society departmental session of the ward leadership meeting is used as the conference officers' meeting, the ward Relief Society president, upon authorization of the bishop, would so notify the stake Relief Society president and time would be allotted in the meeting for a stake Relief Society representative. This conforms to the instructions of the general board in relation to the program for the officers' meeting of the ward Relief Society conference.

Furnishing Relief Society Rooms

Numerous requests have come to the general board regarding the responsibility of Relief Society in furnishing so-called Relief Society rooms in ward meetinghouses. We are authorized by the Presiding Bishopric to read the following statement for your information:

The ordinary furnishings of so-called Relief Society rooms in ward meetinghouses are financed the same as are furnishings in other rooms of the meetinghouse, that is, they are purchased with ward funds matched by the Church.

If the Relief Society wishes additional or more elaborate furnishings than would ordinarily be provided for the room, the society itself would then be expected to purchase these items with its own funds. However, in purchasing such additional furnishings the Church will match Relief Society funds the same as it does ward funds, provided such items are purchased through the Church Purchasing Department. Application for the purchase of items through the Church Purchasing Department should be made through the ward bishop.

The Church does not match Relief Society funds in the purchase of equipment such as a sewing machine. A stove to be placed in the meetinghouse kitchen would be regarded as a part of the necessary equipment of a ward kitchen and would be purchased by the ward; however, if the stove were strictly for Relief Society use, for example, a stove placed in a small kitchenette adjoining a Relief Society room for the convenience of the sisters, it would be regarded as a special Relief Society furnishing and would be purchased with Relief Society funds. Carpets and draperies are ordinarily regarded as the usual furnishings for the Relief Society room.

We are advised that if you wish to know the items usually allowed for furnishing a Relief Society room, you may write the Church Purchasing Department.

Family Hour

We remind you again that Relief Society assignments in promoting

the Family Hour, and in co-operating with ward and stake no-liquor-tobacco committees are continuous ones. We know you recognize the importance of these.

Sisters, may I say to you as stake leaders, Relief Society women are willing and capable leaders as well as good followers. Whatever you direct them to do, they will do well. It is, therefore, imperative that you direct their activities with wisdom and along approved lines. Remember, Relief Society was not instituted as a money-making organization; money-making activities are incidental to our real work, which is to minister to the needy, care for the sick, comfort the sorrowing; to elevate and advance our sisters and to make of them better Latter-day Saints, wives, mothers, and homemakers. We urge you to see that Relief Society work is so planned and organized as to be accomplished without unnecessarily drawing the sisters away from their homes and families, who so need them in this day of unrest and destructive influences. Your responsibilities are great, but experience has long since taught us all that the blessings are more than commensurate with the service rendered.

May our Heavenly Father be with you in your responsible callings, I sincerely pray.

* * * *

Still Life

Christie Lund Coles

The groups of aspen trees lean like girls
Whispering in their eyelet petticoats;
The sloping hillside, touched by mauve and red,
Echoes the meadow lark's last singing notes.

Tules stand straight as arrows by a pool,
Forming a mirror for the poplars, high;
Blackbirds perch on gnarled and knotted posts,
And geese seem pinioned on the far, gray sky.

House of Happiness

Jennie Brimhall Knight

Take what God gives, oh, sister mine, and build your home of happiness.
Perhaps some have been given more, but many have been given less.
The treasures lying at your feet, whose value you so idly guess,
Another builder, looking on, would barter heaven to possess.
Have you found work that you can do, is there a friend that loves you best?
Is there a place which you call home where spent and worn your soul may rest?
A friendly tree, a book of song, a pet that loves your hand's caress?
Take what God gives, oh, sister mine, and build your house of happiness.
Trust not tomorrow's dawn to bring the dreamed of joys for which you wait.
You have enough of goodly things to build your house in rich estate.
Tomorrow, time's relentless stream may bear what now you have away.
So take what God gives, oh, sister mine, and build your house of happiness today.

The Discarded Dishes

A Story of Two Pioneer Women Who Loved Beautiful Things

Angelyn W. Wadley

AS Lurena packed the food that was to be her contribution to the harvest feast, into a basket, she was thinking that she had never prepared for a Thanksgiving dinner with more true thankfulness in her heart than she felt today, on this, the first Thanksgiving feast in the "Great Salt Lake City of the Great Basin of North America." It was the tenth of August, 1848—a ripe blue and gold day, with the warm, lush fulness of late summer in the atmosphere—a perfect day for festivity and happiness. It seemed right to celebrate Thanksgiving now, she thought, instead of waiting for the usual time in late autumn.* For there was now an abundance of fresh vegetables and some melons and wild berries, and the grain had just been harvested so at least for the present there was plenty of flour. In spite of the serious threat to the crops from the cricket scourge, the gulls had miraculously come in time to save much of the wheat, and the thick burnished stubble left standing in the fields still boasted of the soil's ability to yield.

Lurena and her husband John and their children had come with the first company which followed Brigham Young's vanguard. More than fifteen hundred people, and over five hundred wagons had been in the group.

They had helped to clear sagebrush from the fields. They had helped to build the fort, a section of which was still their home. They had helped to build the bowery in the center of the fort where the dinner and program were to be held today.

The Valley looked quite different now than it had on that late September day almost a year ago when Lurena had first seen it from the mountainside. Over five thousand acres of land had been planted. The area enclosed by the fort now contained 1800 inhabitants. Some houses had been built outside of the fort, and still many people were living in dugouts and tents and even wagons.

It had been a hard year, with more people coming all the time and never quite enough food. Since March several parties of disbanded volunteers of the Mormon Battalion had arrived from the West. But all had shared alike, and there had been no real starvation so far.

Now, today, everyone was joining in the celebration, even some companies stopping over for a rest on their way to California.

And, as Lurena worked at her part of the preparation, she felt a close kinship with that remote Pilgrim grandmother who had stepped from the deck of the Mayflower onto a strange land, and who had learned real gratitude by know-

*Actually two Thanksgiving celebrations were held in Salt Lake in 1848. The first one, in August, was a harvest feast. In October, a second public dinner was held as a part of general conference and celebrated the return of the Mormon Battalion.

ing want. So she, herself, had stepped down from a covered wagon into a new life and had learned the real meaning of Thanksgiving.

Nearly everything was ready now. She was dressed in her best black alpaca. The children were scrubbed and combed and dressed in their best, too. They were sitting out on the doorstep chattering excitedly, and trying to keep clean. The food was packed. Only the dishes to get ready, and then as soon as John returned from some last minute checking of his responsibilities for the celebration, they would go to the bowery.

SHE took a stack of plates down from the shelves that served as a cupboard and began packing them into a box. They were very ordinary white plates with a small gesture toward decoration around the edge in the form of a narrow shell-like scallop. Some were chipped and on others the glaze was broken into hairline cracks from too much heating. But when Lurena had mentioned that it would have been nice today to have had some finer china to match the importance of the occasion, John had commented with masculine practicality that plain dishes matched their home and table better, and, anyway, it was what was served on the dishes that counted most with him.

It wasn't that Lurena wanted to be ostentatious or have any better things than her neighbors had, but now, as she worked, her regret that she had not been able to bring her better dishes with her on the trek West cast a cloud across the happiness of this day. She wondered if she would ever really get over her disappointment. She seldom mentioned it anymore. There was no use bothering John about it, and, anyway, he would never quite understand the kind of hunger she felt for beauty in the furnishings of her home.

John loved beauty, too, but he said, "God made so much of it, if we only open our eyes to see it, there's no use worrying too much about the trifle man can add." The fiery western sunsets, trees silhouetted on a ridge, miles of prairie grass undulating in the wind, were the things that stirred him. And John loved the beauty in growing things. He loved the fields, whether brown from the fresh turned sod, green with spring shoots, or heavy for harvest. Already the fields were as beautiful as those they had left. Lurena had known all the time that it would take much, much longer to have beautiful homes again. She must be patient. Yet there was that longing, especially poignant at the moment, for at least some of the little things. She should be able to forget it, for leaving the dishes had been her own decision. And if she could go back once more to that moment of choice when she stood by their wagon that June morning a year ago, she probably would do the very same thing again.

* * * * *

THEY had not been with the saints in Nauvoo, and they had not wintered on the plains. Brigham Young had sent a circular letter to the Church members throughout the world, asking them to join in the colonization of a new Zion in the West. In response to this call, they had come from In-

diana, prepared and well equipped, in time to join the first large company getting ready to leave Winter Quarters.

While their faith had not had to meet the acid test of being driven from place to place, their convictions were strong, and they were ready to share with this group of people whatever hardships might lie ahead.

John had been appointed captain over ten wagons, and early on that morning of departure, he was walking down the line to see that all were ready before he gave the signal to "roll out." Several hundred wagons had already started, and a cloud of dust was rising ahead. Suddenly a man came galloping up and shouted at John. Lurena turned. She couldn't hear the conversation, but she recognized the man. He was the captain of another ten wagons getting ready further down the line. John and this man had liked one another from the day they had met, and by now had become good friends. Lurena wished that she and his wife, Arabelle, could be close friends, too, considering how the men felt.

Arabelle was a beautiful young woman. She had a rich soprano voice that added much to the social life of the group. And even on the packed earth of the camp, she could dance quadrilles with the grace and lightness of a wood nymph. She had less talent for some of the more irksome aspects of camp life.

It wasn't that Arabelle deliberately tried to get out of her share of work, but she seemed so fragile and helpless she aroused a protective feeling in people. Someone more competent was always shooing her away and taking the job over. Part of the time Lurena, too, felt like mothering her. Other times she wanted to spank her. She had been particularly nettled last evening when Arabelle, complaining of her dread of the days ahead, had remarked, "I think this trip is going to be harder for me than for some of you because I've always been used to nice things and comfortable living."

But, as Lurena thought about it later, she was more forgiving. We're all worried about this, she admitted to herself. Nevertheless, she was glad they had been assigned to different companies and so would not be in the same camps throughout the journey.

John came back to her at the wagon. "Thomas just came to tell me that they have one box that he can't get on his wagon, and Arabelle says it simply has to go. He wants to know if anyone in our company can make room for it. I told him I would ask you and see what we could do."

"But you know best about that," she answered. "You said we were loaded to the limit."

"Of course! Everyone's loaded to the limit. We can't put more on unless we take something off, but I'm the leader, I hate to ask anyone else to do it. Is there something we could leave?"

Lurena didn't answer.

"What about that box of dishes —I mean those extra ones?"

Lurena was still silent.

JOHN slipped his strong arm around her waist. "I hate to ask you to do it. I know you've

wanted to take those along. But you are always so sensible and understanding. This is no time for sentiment. The essentials must be considered first, and that's only a box of fancy dishes. You probably won't have any use for such fragile things out there anyway."

She leaned her forehead on her hands on top of the high wagon wheel.

"Only a box of fancy dishes!" John had said. But some of them were heirlooms. Some had been her mother's, some her grandmother's, some were her wedding gifts. She thought of how carefully she and John had planned what they would need, what they could take. They had sorted, measured, packed and re-packed, and again and again she had taken out some other treasured thing to be left behind. But dishes weren't very large, and she had an unusual fondness for pretty ones. Each time she had put them back with the things to go.

Only some fancy, fragile dishes? No, they were days of her childhood back in Pennsylvania. They were her dreams as a young bride. They were the recollection of friends and special occasions in her own gracious, hospitable home. They were a bridge between all she was leaving and the uncertain, frightening future.

But John was right. They were non-essential, and the important things had to go. After all, only the dishes would be left. What they meant was a part of her. The memories would be with her always.

"Take them out," she said softly.

"I told Thomas I knew I could count on you to understand," John told her.

She listened as John lifted out her cherished box and carried it to a clump of bushes several yards away. She didn't dare to look lest she change her mind and ask him to bring it back.

"Help me to be unselfish and charitable and worthy of my part in this great work," she prayed softly.

The box Thomas brought was larger than the one John took out. It took some re-arranging to fit it in. It would only go under her feet beneath the seat in front. There it hunched her knees up uncomfortably because it was so high, but who was expecting comfort on the trip ahead?

* * * * *

"EVERYBODY ready?" John called from the doorway.

Lurena brushed her hand across her forehead as if to push away the memories and answered, "Almost."

When they reached the bowery, quite a number of women were already there, setting the plank and trestle tables. A committee member came over to designate the section of table for Lurena to set, so she put her hampers of food on a seat and began to spread her tablecloths, while the children scattered off to play.

Just then Arabelle arrived, followed by two men carrying a large box which they set down carefully at the head table.

"All of you come here a minute," Arabelle called gaily.

The women gathered around her.

"The committee asked me to set the head table where the Authorities and those on the program will sit," Arabelle explained. "I have some very nice china which we can

(*Continued on page 780*)

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, November 1, and November 15, 1892

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

ISABELLA OF CASTILE: Isabella's powerful mind at once grasped the geographical problem (presented to her by Columbus), but she was won more by the consideration that there might exist a people ignorant of the Christian religion and that to her might belong the honor, that through lending herself to the enterprise (the westward journey of Columbus) she would be the means of converting them to the faith in which she believed. —Phebe C. Young

THE SPIRIT OF CRITICISM: Try and think that if you can find faults in your friend, how many more can she find in you. Just run over the list on your own side. Every one of us likes the woman who says pleasant things, and the saying of them really creates the feeling of them; if you keep at it long enough you will grow to see the best in everybody.—Ex.

COLUMBUS

. . . World-binder, bridger of the boundless seas,
The conqueror and colossus of the waves,
Who stood on meditation's starry height,
Above the cluds that canopied the age . . . .
No marvel; thou wert God's, not man's elect,
And thou didst serve eternity, not time . . .
Should heaven prepare . . . a land of liberty . . . .
—Bishop O. F. Whitney

THE PRINCIPLES AND POWERS OF GOVERNMENT: No education is considered quite complete in modern times that has not been enriched by a broad general understanding of the principles and civil powers of the government under which the individual may live, and the duties of citizens toward that government. The exercise of authority, the making and administering of laws, restraint, control, direction and regulations, by the state of its citizens. How and where the state secures or derives its powers; and by learning the source and extent, know what the sacred rights of the individuals are. This applies to women as well as men, and no amount of merely ornamental accomplishments quite atones for the absence of the deep under strata of power and duty developed by the study of that science, upon which rests the entire fabric of civilization.

—Ellen Jakeman

ADVERTISEMENT: The Woman's Co-operative Institution keeps on hand dress goods and trimmings, fancy articles and notions, books and stationery, equipose waists . . . . Dress making in all its branches, millinery, latest styles, hats and bonnets cleaned and retrimmed, feathers curled, stamping done to order, buttons covered while you wait.

RELIEF SOCIETY MEETING IN THE SIXTH WARD, SALT LAKE CITY: Counselor Giauque said "the Relief Society is one of the grandest institutions on the earth. The world is patterning after us in these things. Societies and charitable institutions are in many parts of the world for the benefit of the poor. The teachers of our Relief Society everywhere are like angels of mercy, speaking words of comfort, ministering to the sick and needy, those who are sick need the faith and prayers of such, when the body is weak the mind is also weak and such need the faith of those who minister to them. Those who are called to preside need our faith and prayers.

—E. W. Condie, Sec.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. MILDRED JENSEN JOHNSON, Latter-day Saint farmwife, Rexburg, Idaho, placed second in the recent National Conservation Essay Contest conducted in connection with the convention of the National Association of Soil Conservation Districts, in Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. Johnson's essay had previously placed first in the Idaho contest, and a recording of her own voice presenting the essay was given at the Ohio convention.

MRS. RAE ASHTON of Vernal, Utah, has been elected national president of the American Legion auxiliary. In a speech given after her election, Mrs. Ashton commented upon the importance of the Legion in American life, saying that fifty-five veterans are members of the United States Senate, 224 are members of the House of Representatives, and thirty are governors of the States. A festive homecoming parade and community celebration was given in honor of the Utah woman upon her return from the Legion convention in New York City in September.

DORTHY BURGESS, in the biography *Dream and Deed* (University of Oklahoma Press) tells the life story of the Wellesley teacher, author, and poet, Katharine Lee Bates, who wrote "America the Beautiful."

A bust of Susan B. Anthony, executed by the American sculptor Brenda Putnam, and made possible by a $10,000-fund collected under the sponsorship of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, will be placed in the Hall of Fame, New York University. Miss Anthony (a warm friend of Relief Society leaders) worked with magnificent courage to remove discriminations against women and to open up for them new opportunities with just compensation and privileges.

MISS ANNA FILLMORE, a former Salt Lake nurse, has become the first general director of the National League for Nursing, recently organized in New York City to replace the Association of Collegiate Schools of Nursing and the National League of Nursing Education and the National Organization for Public Health Nursing. Miss Fillmore holds a master of public health degree from Harvard University and has occupied important executive positions in the field of nursing both in Salt Lake City and in New York City.

FOUR of the books of Frances Parkinson Keyes have sold well over a million copies each. They are: *River Road; Came a Cavalier; Dinner at Antoine's; Joy Street.*

EDITORIAL

VOL. 39 NOVEMBER 1952 NO. 11

"Praise Ye the Lord"

IN ancient Israel the law commanded that three times a year all the males of the chosen people were to appear before the Lord in the place which he should choose in the Feast of Unleavened Bread, and in the Feast of Weeks, and in the Feast of Tabernacles. These were connected with the harvest and the gathering in of the fruits of the year and sacrifices were prescribed by the law. Impressive ceremonies and rites were added in later times to the observance of these feasts.

In this country there was instituted before the beginning of the nation a holiday for an expression of thanksgiving to the Lord. It is a day when the bounteous fruits of the harvest are spread in rich profusion around the board where the family gathers. But, in addition to the feasting, the day has become one on which family ties are strengthened and cemented, as members gather from distant places around the family hearthstone. It is a day when thanks are returned to the Lord, not only for life-sustaining sustenance but likewise for the eternal ties and spiritual strength of a family.

On some Thanksgiving Days a loved one may be on the battlefield, or absent because of illness. At that time fervent prayers as a family are offered up for the safety of the loved one. The year that the family circle is again complete, heartfelt thanks arise to the Lord for the glad reunion. The Thanksgiving Day is eagerly anticipated from year to year as an opportunity for the united family to render thanks and praise to the Lord.

To Latter-day Saints the Lord declares, "Thou shalt thank the Lord thy God in all things. Thou shalt offer a sacrifice unto the Lord thy God in righteousness, even that of a broken heart and a contrite spirit" (D. & C. 59:7-8).

It is well, when offering gratitude and thanksgiving to the Lord, to examine oneself and see that the heart is broken and the spirit contrite. God does not look upon man as man views his fellow beings. God sees the soul of man, his heart and spirit.

Some, richly attired, partake of an elaborate feast on Thanksgiving, others enjoy a frugal meal at a simple table in plain attire. Who but the Lord knows what hearts are truly thankful and whose prayers arise as fragrant incense before the throne of God?

The Jews, at the Feast of the Passover, sang the Hallel-psalms 113-118. These related the blessings of the Lord to his chosen people and again and again sounded the refrain, "Praise ye the Lord." The concluding words were, "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever."

It might not be amiss, at this approaching Thanksgiving season, to take time as a family to recall the

blessings of the Lord during the year just passed, and to praise the Lord. If those who gather have broken hearts and contrite spirits, truly it will be a day of sacrifice for that family, to be visited with a blessing from the Lord.

—M. C. S.

* * * *

Purpose

Laura Lyman

I will take my bread from arid lands
And not from soil
That yields her gifts to careless hands
For little toil.

I will plant my wheat and plant my heart
Where cactus grows,
And ask no more than my soul shall bloom
As the rose.

First Snow

Beulah Huish Sadleir

How soft the snow falls on
November's dry, spent earth—
It emphasizes lack of sound,
Like bird calls and
A cricket's chirp.

Each falling flake reaffirms my faith—
The cycle of the years
Remains the same.

Open Your Window

Kate Richards

Thank you
For moving the shade a bit;
Allowing me to see that which
Was back of it.

Long have I known and loved
You—just a part;
Today the shade was lifted
And I saw you
With my heart.

The Greatest Is Love

Betty Zieve

"Faith, hope, and love, these three . . . and the greatest of these is love."

All of us could love a little more and cry over our disappointments and sorrows a little less. The greatest cure for any despondency is good will and service to others. True happiness comes from loving and serving God and following the teachings of the Savior in doing good among the children of men.

Life is everywhere, you cannot escape it; try enjoying it. Learn to appreciate every person with whom you come in contact; look for hope and beauty and significance in springtime and books and ideas. Little things can lift the spirit: a handclasp, a smile, a bright "Hello." These things are small in themselves, and yet they mean so much. Be the one who furnishes a fresh "Good morning" to your world!

Adventure in Glass

VI. Twentieth Century Glass

Alberta H. Christensen
Member, General Board of Relief Society

SINCE there is no date at which we can say, "This point marks the beginning of modern glass," it is perhaps wiser for us to consider glass of the twentieth century, pointing out those departures from the current trend and those features which are new and original in feeling. This we can say of twentieth century glass, mechanization of the industry has created an unequaled standard of quality and precision, and the original designs of able artists have given it uncommon distinction.

Glassmaking in Europe

The movement which is responsible for so much of today's fine glass began at the turn of the century in France. Through the designs and techniques used by such men as Galle, Dammouse, and Henry Cros, which were radically different from those of the established French factories, attention was again brought to the potentialities of glass.

Rene Lalique, a distinguished jeweler in Paris during the 1890's, was also one of the great contributors to modern glass. Abandoning precious stones in a search for a less expensive material adaptable to his art, he began experimenting with glass and found it so fascinating that within a few years he was working entirely with it. Lalique, truly a man of this century, did not share the craftsman's horror of mechanization, but used machines wherever possible to make his designs available to the public. During his versatile career, he made entire walls, doors, tables, small statues, necklaces, and even automobile radiator ornaments out of glass. He often used frosted and opalescent effects. Perhaps more than any other individual, Lalique made the modern world aware of decorative glass.

Baccarat, one of the older European glasshouses, known since the eighteenth century for excellence in glass production, has also contributed much to modern glass. In recent years, Chevalier (Georges) has been retained as a designer, and striking sculptural pieces in purest crystal have been made. Daum, also a French glass company, less known but long admired in Europe, has been making massive crystal pieces, often decorated with bubbles. Items from the Daum factory were exported to an admiring American public in the early part of the century.

Sweden is the second great center for contemporary glassmaking in Europe, Kosta and Orrefors being the best known factories. The Kosta factory is one of the oldest in Europe, having celebrated its 200th anniversary. Its modern designs are usually done in colorless glass worked into the metal. Orrefors, a much younger company, which began by producing commercial glass, has contributed much to the modern development of glass. By

Metropolitan Museum

PALE BLUE GLASS BOWL
Engraved Design by Simon Gate
Swedish (Orrefors Factory)
Twentieth Century

1917, Simon Gate and Edward Hald were directing the art policy of the company, the latter cultivating the art of engraving to a rare degree of excellence. Today his neo-baroque masterpieces are unrivaled for design and execution. The death of Gate in 1945 deprived the world of one of its truly great designers.

Before leaving Northern Europe we should mention two important women designers. One is Gerda Stromberg, who is responsible for the glass produced in her sons' factory near Orrefors (Sweden), and the other is the brilliant Gunnel Nyman of Finland, whose untimely death occurred recently.

The best known glass from Holland comes from Leerdam, which has for years turned out a fine crystal as well as colored glass in clear shades of blue, green, and gray. The factory maintains a school where designers are trained and where they can observe the actual making of glass. This factory, besides its regular wares, makes one-of-a-kind pieces called "Inica."

England and Belgium have done relatively little experimental work in the past fifty years, but both countries have maintained a high standard of production. In England the scene has long been dominated by such illustrious names as Webb, Brierly, and Whitefriars. Of these Whitefriars has shown the greatest tendency toward original and modern design.

Austria and Czechoslovakia have long been important glassmaking centers. Such designers as Horejc and Stefan Rath are well known for their work in Austria's Lobmeyr glasshouse, and the Moser Company, in Czechoslovakia, is outstanding for its colored glass and crystal.

Mention of Italian glass to most of us means one word—Venice. And it really is from the Venetian works at Murano that most of the fine Italian glass comes. Italy, a maker of beautiful glass through the centuries, has maintained the steadiest tradition of glassmaking of all European countries. Murano has never been known for large

Metropolitan Museum

CLEAR GLASS MARINER'S DISH
Engraved With Signs of the Zodiac
Designed by Sidney Waugh
Steuben Glass Works, Corning, New York, 1904

factories, but for the small independent glasshouses and their artistic, skilled craftsmen.

Glassmaking in America

Cut glass was the major output of the American flint glasshouses around 1900. Great quantities of this ware, good, bad, and mediocre, flooded the market at a time when glass was no longer valued for its fluid quality, but for sparkle and splendor. Much of the glass of 1880, which can be admired for its fine metal and careful workmanship, was later copied in the cheapest of pressed glass. Tablewares became thicker and heavier.

By 1910 cut glass was the prized possession of every bride, but, except for the more expensive pieces, good design had been replaced by poorly executed stars, pinwheels, and prismatic slices on mediocre metal, and shaped by pressing. However, glass cutting has continued to the present day, and, fortunately, much of it has been inspired by the fine craftsmanship of an earlier period rather than by its immediate predecessors. In fact, much cut decoration of the past thirty years has been really charming. Becoming more and more abstract in design, rock crystal cutting continues in favor. Color was revived after 1920, and it is today possible to purchase table glass for almost any color scheme. Black and white in combination, ruby, blue, amber, and amethyst have replaced the pale pinks and greens of thirty years ago. These are to be had in ordinary pressed glass and in the finer flint wares.

At the turn of the century, Louis Tiffany invented a process for staining glass, which resulted in the product called Favrile. This glass had color variations of an iridescent nature similar to that given ancient glass by deterioration. Tiffany was an experimenter, ranking with his French contemporaries, but, unfortunately, he had no immediate followers of note.

It was not until 1933 that America again took a world-prominent place in the production of glass. Arthur A. Houghton, Jr. in that year founded the Steuben Division of the Corning Glass Works at Corning, New York, for the purpose of expanding the artistic possibilities of a brilliant crystal perfected at Corning. John M. Gates was appointed director of design, and the sculptor Sidney Waugh became its chief designer. A distinct style, thoroughly American in feeling, and yet comparable to the best European forms, has been the result. More recently, Steuben invited twenty-seven well-known artists, who had never worked with glass, to submit designs to Steuben's master engravers. This stimulus and competition has shown America and Europe that glass is a medium worth the attention of artists in other fields. The designs of Thompson, Wier, and John Dreves have been interesting and original. This company has recently gone back to traditional eighteenth century form for some of its pieces.

It would be impossible to discuss the many glass companies that are giving us modern American glass, but we shall mention the beautiful original forms and the clear glass reproductions of eighteenth century techniques that are being produced at the Blenko Glass Works at Mil

Metropolitan Museum

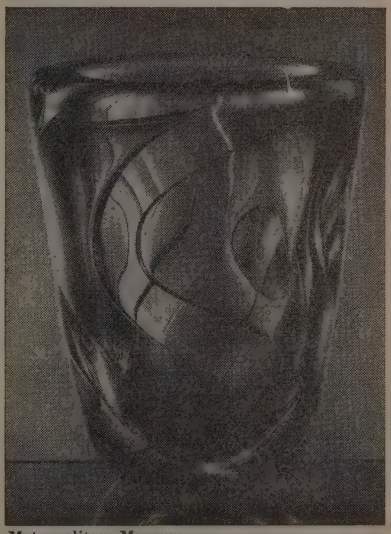
FAVRILE GLASS VASE
Louis Tiffany, New York
1875-96

ton, West Virginia. The work is done entirely by hand. It is also putting out glasses of original design, with a distinctly modern feeling. Some of these have simple applied ornamentation; others are self-decorated by large bubbles enclosed in the glass. A glass, shot with fine bubbles, is blown in useful forms in colors, including turquoise and chartreuse.

Utah-born Dorothy C. Thorpe, an unusually versatile woman, has been creating interesting new designs for glass, and her wares are eagerly sought throughout the country. One of her best loved designs is a graceful portrayal of the Utah State Flower—the sego lily.

In keeping with the modern movement as expressed in glass, American glassmakers are using the material in heavy masses (as done by the European designers years ago), and sculptured cutting is employed to modify the form. Angular contours often replace curves. Our large glass factories are making a variety of pressed glass items, but the mechanical process is rarely used (as done by Deming Jarves) for impressing a showy design, but rather to create new and interesting forms. By improved scientific methods, a high technical efficiency has been achieved so that modern table glass is certainly a thing of perfection.

It is hoped that certain forms and techniques of our present period will be of such worth that they will become part of our glassmaking tradition.



Metropolitan Museum

CLEAR CRYSTAL VASE
Decorated With Air Spirals Formed Between Walls
Steuben Glass Works, 1913

A Time to Forget

Chapter 5

Fay Tarlock

Synopsis: Serena Abbe, who works in San Francisco as a secretary, lost her fiance, Jim Towers, in the war. Unexpectedly, she inherits from her cousin Harriett Lester, a walnut farm in the San Vicente Valley. On her first visit to the property, she meets Jeff Landeau and his son David, who live on the adjoining farm. Luis Trejeda, a Mexican, offers to help Serena with the farm work and she begins to spend all her spare time at the farm. She learns that Jeff's wife, Beth Henley, a wealthy woman in her own right, has been dead for more than five years. Serena makes friends with young David and her interest in Jeff Landeau increases, and also, she finds comfort in the wholesome and buoyant attitude which Luis displays towards life. Finally, Serena decides to leave her work in San Francisco and make her permanent home in San Vicente Valley.

THE first day of the harvest began at seven o'clock, barely sunrise Serena was up in the cold at dawn, too excited to do more than merely taste breakfast. Luis, who was working on the Landeau huller, left with a warning for her to supervise the picking near the flower beds and to distribute the sacks to the pickers.

Promptly Jeff drove his tractor and shaking machine into the orchard. Behind him trailed the crew to handle the shaking and poling. Fascinated, Serena watched the cables adjusted to the limbs, and the tractor started.

The trees quivered like live things. Then the nuts came down in a brown rain. Serena ran and gathered some in her hands, loving the feel of the satiny shell, freed from its tight hull by last night's shower, the first of the year. Then she remembered her dream and laughed in pleasure.

She watched the pickers move in, men, women, and children. It was like a processional as they left their cars and approached the trees with their trailing buckets. When they came to the trees, they dropped to their knees and for a moment their laughing voices were still.

There was music in the steady rhythm of the nuts, the emptying of the buckets, and the quivering trees. The branches that yesterday had drooped wearily with their burden, stood out in the cool air, straight and free.

You won't have to work so hard now, drawing those gallons of water up through your roots, Serena thought, as she watched a tree divesting itself. It was good to be a nut grower. She felt alive and full of hope, as if she had lived long for the fulfillment of this day.

By noon of the fourth day the shaking crew was gone. Only the pickers, a little quieter, were there. Dusk, and they left the orchard empty, save for rows of bulging sacks to be picked up in the evening. Each night the big Landeau truck came through the orchard; and each morning, the nuts, cool in their sacks, were poured into the huller. Here they were washed and scrubbed, the culls sorted from the sound ones, and all placed in the drying racks of the dehydrator

sheds. From here they went to the big plant at Valley Oaks. Soon she would know the financial return.

"Your orchard and mine," Jeff told her on the fourth day as he left for lunch, "have always had some of the highest grade nuts in the valley, but this year it may be a different story. From the crack test so far they won't make top grade." He picked up a nut from the gravel and cracked it with his white teeth. "See!" He held out the meat halves, one deep ivory in color, the other a golden brown. "They taste just as good, but they ought to be whiter."

THAT night rain was predicted. By morning dark clouds scudded overhead, and strong winds blew all day. The following morning the ground that had been so smooth and firm was dark and soft. Under the trees the walnuts lay thick, almost as if the trees had not been shaken. Whenever the rain stopped, Serena, in old shoes, gleaned the nuts. Luis could not help. He would be working the huller for weeks more, as Jeff Landeau moved his crew from one orchard to another, each day more anxious to be done before more storms came.

For two weeks Serena gleaned, until her bones ached at night. Week ends, friends from town came out to help Most of what they picked, they carried home. Serena broadcast invitations to friends to come out for their winter's supply of nuts. When her vacation ended, she was in the orchard a few minutes each evening after she got home, anxious to fill a bucket before dark. Now the nuts did not mean money, they meant something precious to be saved so that people could enjoy them.

A big rain ended the gleaning. It moved in on a high wind and seemed to stay forever. Day after day the rain poured down. For awhile the earth absorbed it, but soon the roads reverted to streambeds, and the orchards became lakes. Serena's lane was a sheet of water on which David's boat bobbed up and down until it was carried away by a new cloudburst. The long drought was broken.

When the rains stopped for a time, the mists came in damp and warm. By late November the dun hills were green and the leaves hung green on the trees like midsummer. Serena was home for a few days typing briefs for Mr. Green. It was eerie, sitting in the living room and looking out on the still, green world, shrouded impalpably by the gray mist.

One day, tired of typing, she walked outdoors in the late afternoon. It was like walking in a dream, and for a moment she felt lost in the stillness.

Reality came to her with David, coming in his high boots through the orchard. She smiled, for he, too, was in a dream In his extended hand he held a long stick. He walked silently forward, his eyes also lost in a world of his own.

"Hi there, David!" she called. "Where have you been so late?"

THE boy stopped still, his face turned toward her, the dreamlike quality still there. Then it dropped from his face like a discarded mask. He smiled politely,

but she knew she had interrupted some play that had been more real than reality.

"I've been to cub scouts." He started to move on.

"I interrupted you. What were you playing?" She detained him with her question.

"I was an Indian stalking through the woods. You stopped me from getting a deer for my starving family." He was very serious.

"I'm sorry." She was equally serious. "Can I make it up to you by giving you some cookies?"

His eyes told her that it was foolish to think cookies could replace venison for starving Indians, but he followed her into the house. "You know," he said, munching cookies, "at school we are studying colonial times Tomorrow night I think I'll be a Puritan hunting a turkey for Thanksgiving, but I'd rather be an Indian."

She kept him in the kitchen talking for as long as she dared.

"After these cookies, I feel acquainted with you, Miss Serena. I'll stop by again if you'd like me to." He looked up at her, gentle and wide-eyed, as he said, "Maybe you get lonely like I do sometimes."

"You shouldn't be lonely, David. You have your father and Delia." She laid her hand lightly on his soft, brown hair.

"Oh, Dad's all right," the boy said, "but he's so busy most of the time that we don't have much fun. Except on Sundays," he added loyally. "On Sundays he tries to be with me all he can. Delia's all right, too, but she's just a second cousin, not a mother. I don't expect too much of her."

He looked at Serena, showing plainly that he was struggling with an idea. "How about you?" he asked finally. "You have Luis and lots of friends. I see them every Saturday and Sunday. We don't have many people come, just a few relatives. Delia gets too tired to cook for friends."

"Oh, Luis is all right," Serena said, confiding to him in return, "but he's getting to be an old man, sometimes, tired, like Delia. And my friends are just here on week ends. Sometimes I think I'd like some relatives instead." She smiled down at him. "If ever you are lonely on week days, remember I'd be glad to have you come."

"I'll do that." He held out his hand in parting.

SHE watched him disappear into the mist-hung trees, an ache in her heart for the boy who was lonely, and an unacknowledged one for the woman who had no son.

Jeff Landeau had been over once since the harvest. He examined her chart from a walnut association and told her about what her returns would be. After the harvesting and dehydrating bills were paid, the remaining money would be too small for her to think of giving up her job. Serena struggled with discouragement. She had a valuable piece of land, which she had to work hard to support. If she could do all the work except the actual harvesting . . . no, the idea was ridiculous. The hard labor of cultivating, pruning, and hoeing was not for her, and Luis was too old to do it all. Office work was still her only solution.

"Another year, a bigger crop, and

a cooler summer, and it will be a different story," Jeff consoled her.

For a time they had seemed on the verge of friendship, then he retreated again. She would have said that he occupied none of her thoughts, yet she sometimes found herself watching for his car to go up and down the lane. She recalled that for a good many years she had been as cold and indifferent toward life as Jeff Landeau. These last few months she was beginning to live again. Life was giving her back half a loaf, and she was grateful for the half.

One Friday in early December the rain came down in tropical downpours. Serena decided to spend the night in her old apartment with Joan Givens. She would do her Christmas shopping on Saturday and complete plans for the Christmas party on the farm. Four girls from the office were coming for the long holiday, along with two other friends. On Christmas day a number of young men would come for dinner. It was to be a gala time.

Saturday Serena shopped in the rain. When she got up early Sunday morning it was still raining and there was a cold wind. She decided to start for home, stopping at Valley Oaks for breakfast and for church. But along the highway there were so many washouts and so much flooding that she decided to go home at once. Luis was faithful, but there was a limit to his capacity.

When Serena came to her lane she was really worried. The side ditch that Jeff Landeau had recently scraped and enlarged was no longer adequate. The lane was a turbulent river; the orchards lay deep in water. From the driveway she could see that her lawn and flower beds were flooded. Rushing into the cold house, she called, "Luis, Luis!"

He came from the basement, struggling with a bucket of water and wet to his knees.

"Ah, Mees," he cried, relief fanning out over his tired face, "too much water, too much water. Very *bad!*"

HE set the bucket on the kitchen floor and began gesturing and talking rapidly in Spanish. There was water everywhere, he repeated.

Alarmed, she followed him into the basement. The water was seeping through the cement walls and floor.

"Everything is ruined," he moaned in Spanish. "The furnace will not operate, and I do not know how to get out the water."

Serena was frightened. The water was rising steadily. Stepping up on the basement stairs, she surveyed the havoc. "Buckets will do no good, Luis," she told him, shivering in the damp cold.

Tears streamed down the old man's face. "All night, Mees, I work. Too much water."

She made some chocolate and toast and had Luis start a fire in the living room fireplace. His wet boots left marks on the rug. "Get into some dry clothes," she told him.

Luis only moaned, "Too much water. Everything ruined." He said it over and over, and his hands trembled.

They drank the hot chocolate together, huddling close by the fire.

The wind blew harder, swaying the tall pines and the great oak on the edge of the lawn.

Rain lashed against the windows, bending the shrubbery and shutting off all view of the outside.

"I'm sure the water is rising," she said more to herself than to Luis. She could imagine it swirling underneath the house and seeping up through the living room floor. Luis must get into some dry clothes and she must get the water out.

"I'll call a plumber," she decided.

Even as she spoke she knew the uselessness of it. A hundred people must be ringing the same number. Still she tried every plumber's number in the directory and got only one answer, a woman who said that her husband could not possibly come until tomorrow. When she finally put the receiver into its cradle, she felt hopeless.

LUIS, warmed by the drink and the fire, stopped trembling. "Ah, Mees," he said sadly, watching her face.

"We've got to have a pump, Luis." She stood in the center of the room, pressing her cold hands together. "Do you know where we can get a pump?"

Understanding, as sudden as lightning, came to Luis. "A pump, Mees, I know where."

With no more explanation, he ran from the room. Serena saw him jump into her car and drive quickly towards the Landeau place. She had no more than built up the fire and changed into an old brown tweed shirt and a yellow sweater than he was back again. Close behind was Jeff in the green pickup. Jeff had on high rubber boots, a gray raincoat and hat. He looked strong and happy, as if he enjoyed the storm and was confident he could master it. Waving to her in greeting, he lifted a small electric pump from the rear of his car. Luis followed him into the basement, carrying a long garden hose.

Standing hopefully by, Serena watched them wade through the water to attach the pump and start it going. Soon the water was shooting though the hose onto the flooded lawn. Serena let out a long sigh of relief and a little color came back into her white face.

Jeff walked uninvited into the kitchen, stopping first to wipe his boots on the rug. "That's the first time that basement's ever had water in it." He washed his hands at the kitchen sink.

"Will the water keep seeping through?"

Jeff dried his hands with a paper towel. "I'm afraid it will if the rain keeps up. We reached saturation point a long time ago. You must keep the pump there and I'll rig up a device that will start it automatically."

"It's awfully generous of you. I was just about panic-stricken before you came." She smiled at him warmly, pressing her hands close to her sides in the sweater pockets to warm them.

"You don't look much older than David," Jeff said, returning her smile. Serena's heart gave an unexpected leap. This was a new Jeff lingering here in the cold kitchen and eying her with warm approval.

"Won't you come into the living room where there's a fire? I'll heat

you a cup of chocolate as soon as I can get some dry clothes for Luis."

She wondered if he would refuse, but instead he thanked her and went into the living room, as if he wanted to stay.

IN the big bedroom closet on the top shelf she found an old suit she had thought too worn to give away. Then she found her garden shoes, some woolen socks, and an old sport shirt. She handed them to Luis, who was shivering in the kitchen. When she came in with the steaming chocolate, Jeff, his raincoat off, was standing with his back to the fire, appraising the room. It was the first time he had been in the room since she had taken possession.

"You've made this room come to life. It's a good room, but it always looked as if its heart was put in cold storage." He gave his head a little shake. "I don't know what you've done to it, but you've given it life."

"I didn't know you were an interior decorator," she answered brightly, as she handed him the steaming cup.

He looked a little foolish, then he smiled, making his face look young and eager. "I've spent so much time thinking how I'd like to change the old farmhouse that I'm a little touched on the subject." He began sipping his drink.

"What do you want to do with it?" Serena sat down on a small chair near the fire, stretching out her cold, stiff fingers to the warm blaze. It was good to have Jeff and his exuberant strength with her on this dark afternoon. The sound of the wind sweeping up the driveway only made the room seem warmer.

"My wife liked it the way it was. She was sentimental about the old place."

It was the first time he had ever mentioned his wife. Serena turned her face attentively toward him, still warming her hands.

"Beth was born in the old place. Never lived in another house," he explained. "Of course we modernized it some, put in new floors and central heating and new plumbing, but it still needs a lot done with it. Now I have to fight Delia. She wants it just the way it was when she was a girl; so I just let things go."

He set the cup on the fireside table and stood there, twirling his rain hat.

It was on the tip of Serena's tongue to say, "Won't you sit down? There are things I need to ask you about," but before she could form the first word, there was a new and stronger burst of wind, rattling the windows and swaying the trees. In alarm, she and Jeff rushed to the window nearest the fireplace. They saw the wind sweep down more fiercely and heard the sound of a tree cracking. Before their astonished eyes they saw the old oak tree uproot itself with a mighty sound and topple towards the house.

(To be continued)

Adventures in Eating

Gladys R. Winter
President, San Francisco Stake Relief Society

FOOD does more than nourish the body. We have all noticed how even a very simple lunch, on Relief Society work-meeting day, will bring an atmosphere of friendliness and cheer that stimulates the mind, while tired muscles relax. It is equally noticeable that interest is quickened when some new dish is served, especially if it is one that is inexpensive and easily prepared. So, in our stake, we try to encourage the serving of dishes that are a little unusual. Our aim is to have an interesting luncheon period, but it is even more important to give the homemakers new ideas to take home to their families.

The recipes I should like to share are a few of the favorites of my family. These are inexpensive, easy to prepare, and can be cooked the day before serving, so only reheating is necessary.

Pizza

A form of hot sandwich that has wide appeal is Pizza, pronounced "Peet-za." This can be very simple, or many ingredients can be put on top. If you have an Italian delicatessen available, you may be able to get the plain Pizza pie, already cooked; or you could use the prepared yeast roll mix that is available in a package. However, here is a standard recipe, in case you prefer this method. This dough is not light and tender, but is more the texture of French bread. A wedge of Pizza served with a simple green salad or thin soup is delicious.

Crust:

4	c. sifted flour	½	tsp. salt
½	yeast cake	1	c. warm water
1½	tsp. sugar		

Sift flour into bowl, saving ¼ cup for flouring board and hands. Crumble yeast cake into warm water and blend. Add salt and sugar; beat well. Pour liquid into well, made in center of flour; work into flour. Turn out on bread board lightly dusted with flour saved from the four cups. Knead all flour into mixture until dough is smooth and elastic. Cut dough into three equal pieces; roll each until smooth. Place on floured board, cover with waxed paper, and set in warm place for two hours to rise. Pat rounds into flat circles and fit into three greased 9-inch pie or cake tins.

Topping:

The simplest basic topping could be put on the dough before it is put in the oven for baking, and any additions added if the Pizza pies are heated later.

1	No. 2 can tomatoes, well drained, or two 6-oz. cans tomato paste
½	tsp. oregano or thyme
2	tbsp. chopped, mild or green onion
1	c. grated or sliced cheese
	salt, pepper, and a few drops olive or salad oil sprinkled over top.

Other popular additions are:

Pork sausage, bulk or links, well cooked
Sliced stuffed olives or minced ripe olives
Stems and pieces of mushrooms
Anchovies, either flat or rolled
Or, before filling is put on, line dough with thinly sliced Italian ham, or any other flavorful meat

Courtesy National Cotton Council

CASSEROLE TOPPED WITH STUFFED EGGS

* * * *

Pennsylvania-Dutch Casserole

An authentic Pennsylvania-Dutch Casserole has always been a favorite with us. This was given me by a woman from Pennsylvania, and I have no exact measurements. Take about equal parts cooked macaroni and raw potatoes, sliced thin. Put these in layers in a deep baking dish, with a little sliced onion near the center layer. Over the top, pour tomato juice or puree, being sure it gets through all the layers to the bottom of the pan. Have it come about to the top of the potato-macaroni mixture. It may be necessary to add more during the cooking, so it won't be dry. Salt and pepper to taste, and over the top, place slices of bacon. Cook for about 1½ hours in a rather slow oven, 300° to 350°.

Kadjaree

For a change, let's consider Kadjaree from India next. This dish takes such a short time to prepare that it's really easier to cook it just before it is to be served. Any cooked, left-over fish can be flaked and used, but I prefer a smoked fish. Kippered cod is my favorite.

1½ c. cooked rice
1 c. flaked fish
1 hard-boiled egg, chopped, except two or three slices for garnish
2 tbsp. butter

Mix together, taking care to keep it hot, pile on hot platter, and sprinkle with a little nutmeg and curry powder.

Topper's Delight

½ lb. frankfurters
¼ lb. American cheese
6 medium-sized pickles
Enough salad dressing to moisten well
Frankfurter buns

Put frankfurters, cheese, and pickles through food chopper, using medium knife. Add salad dressing, and mix well. Spread on cut side of frankfurter buns. Arrange in shallow baking pan; place in hot oven 5 to 10 minutes, or until heated through.

Corn Chowder Bisque

3-4 slices bacon, cut in small pieces and fried
4 onions, cut and fried in bacon fat until yellow
6 potatoes (or less) cubed
1 tsp. salt; ¼ tsp. pepper

Barely cover with water and cook until tender, then add:

4 tomatoes, or the equivalent in canned tomatoes or puree
¼ tsp. soda
1 qt. hot milk thickened with two tbs. flour
Bring to a boil and add I can cream style corn.

For large crowds, from youngsters after a ball game, to an evening for adults, this dish has met with enthusiastic success.

Make Quilt Blocks Quickly

Thalia Black

KEEP a large box handy, containing scissors, pencil, pins, and pattern for quilt blocks. When sewing, instead of rolling the scraps together and storing them in the bottom of a trunk, cut out the quilt blocks.

Pin all the blocks of like color together, and store flat in the box. They will be ready to sew when the opportunity comes.

The Path to Home

Mabel Law Atkinson

When hammers of the rain beat on my head,
And temper tantrums of the hurricane,
Shouting its uncontrolled and furious wrath,
Strike fear that numbs my heart, I take the path
That leads to home, and soon I feel again
Secure and calm. Love's mantle gently spread
About my trembling form gives me release—
The path to home will lead to God and peace.

Notes From The Field

General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Lena Oxborrow

RENO STAKE (NEVADA), SPARKS WEST WARD RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY SOCIAL

Left to right: President Annie D. Ashby; First Counselor Ruth G. Oborn; Second Counselor Floral H. Vanderhoof; Secretary Beth H. Baughman.

At this social a playlet was presented, picturing the first meeting of Relief Society held in Nauvoo, Illinois, March 17, 1842. The playlet was arranged by President Annie D. Ashby and directed by the chorister, Margaret Baker. A gaily decorated birthday cake made a beautiful centerpiece for the table, which was decorated in the Relief Society colors, blue and gold.

Lena Oxborrow is president of Reno Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Merna E. Marchant

BURLEY STAKE (IDAHO), BURLEY SIXTH WARD WORK MEETING

In front, at right, seated, working on lamp shade: ward Relief Society President, Leona Hall.

Standing, center, rear: Ina Starley, stake Relief Society work meeting leader.

Seated, extreme right, Naomi Ward, demonstrator.

This organization was fortunate in having a member, Sister Ward, skilled in making lampshades. Many beautiful shades were made and the women enjoyed their work and the pleasant association in the meetings.

Merna E. Marchant is president of Burley Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Eva C. Taylor

EASTERN STATES MISSION, ONEIDA DISTRICT (NEW YORK), SYRACUSE BRANCH WORK MEETING

Front row, seated, left to right: Fern S. Jones, Oneida District President; Alice Fessenden, Syracuse Branch Secretary; Edna Browne, Syracuse Branch President; Verna C. Harris, Syracuse Branch First Counselor; Iva Bush, Oneida District Secretary.

Second row, standing, left to right: Rose Garrow; Grace Downing; Winona LaLone; Anne Mallery; Clella Barella; Margaret Jameson; Minnie Nilsson.

Back row, standing, left to right: Fern Hatch; Mabel Downing, Oneida District First Counselor; Minerva Grant; Dorothy Marcy; Lillian Printup; Elizabeth Tarbell.

Eva C. Taylor, President, Eastern States Mission Relief Society, reports: "Syracuse Branch is one of our most active and progressive groups. Six members are Lamanite sisters from the Onondaga Reservation, of whom four were present at this meeting: Sisters Garrow, Nilsson, Printup, and Tarbell. The Lamanite ladies form a valued part of this very active Relief Society."

Photograph submitted by Leona R. McCarrey

BENSON STAKE (UTAH), COVE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS

Front row, left to right: Barbara Hendricks; Maxine Rawlings; Martha Shumway; Violet Larsen; Mary Hendricks; Alice Titensor, director; Beth Titensor; Virginia Jensen.

Back row, left to right: Edna Larsen; Luella Preece; June Monson; Francis Allen; Wavie Allen; Rachel Allen; Neta Allen; Jessie Larsen; June Kingsford; Agatha Allen.

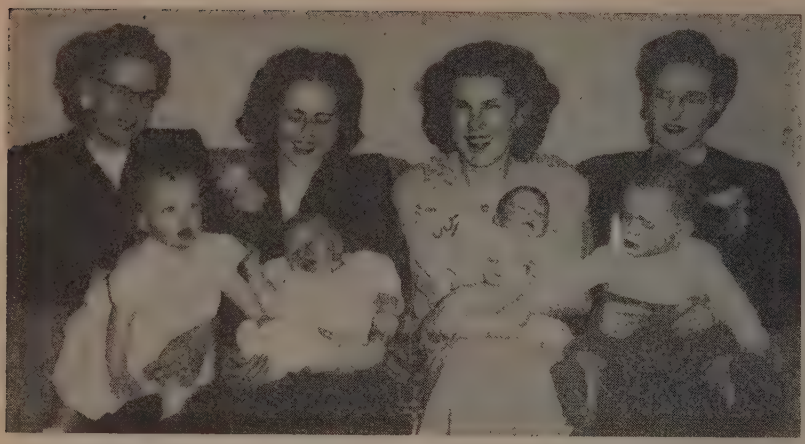
Leona R. McCarrey, President, Benson Stake Relief Society, in reporting the activities of this energetic and talented group, remarks that, in spite of the small size of the ward, the chorus has "done an outstanding work. They furnish the music for sacrament meeting once a month, as well as on many special occasions. They are often invited to sing in other wards of the stake, as well as in the Logan Temple."

Photograph submitted by Vinetta R. Simpson

WEBER STAKE (UTAH), WASHINGTON TERRACE SECOND WARD REGULAR RELIEF SOCIETY MEETING AND TWO NURSERIES

The Relief Society membership of this ward is composed largely of young mothers. There are in the photograph forty-two women and forty-three children. Joan Moser is president of Washington Terrace Second Ward Relief Society, with Wanda Scholes and Florence Bingham as her counselors, and Elaine Anderson, secretary. This organization has more than doubled its membership since January 1, 1952, by holding morning Relief Society meetings.

Pearl Van Dyke is president of Weber Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Lucy T. Andersen

NORTHERN STATES MISSION, AMES (IOWA) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS AND BABIES

Left to right: President Marjorie S. Peterson and daughter Denise; Second Counselor Beth S. Lambert and son David Kay; First Counselor Beverly R. Hamilton and son Elliott Dale; Secretary Louise P. Allen and son Ross Michael.

Lucy T. Andersen, President, Northern States Mission Relief Society, reports that these officers "all have babies under one year of age, and yet continued with all their Relief Society activities, both prior to the birth of their children and afterwards. They really have a fine organization, being the wives of the students and faculty members."

Photograph submitted by Pearl O. Clement

RICHLAND STAKE (WASHINGTON) VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION June 18, 1952

Front row, left to right, Stake Relief Society Board: Lillian Patterson, *Magazine* representative; Naomi Brimhall, First Counselor; Pearl O. Clement, President; Hazel Haynie, organist; Geneve Galbraith, Second Counselor. Special guests: Edna Reid, who has been a visiting teacher for forty-one years; Anna Bloomquist, a visiting teacher for

sixty-two years; Annie Robertson, a visiting teacher for fifty-six years. Other stake officers: Lola Barfus, work meeting leader; Maida Millar, social science; Ellis Smith, Secretary; Bessie Thompson, theology. Reva Davis, the chorister, stands between, and just back of, Sisters Bloomquist and Robertson.

All but one of the eight wards of Richland Stake were represented at this convention, which was an inspiration to all the sisters and was well prepared and beautifully rendered. A special feature was a tableau by Richland First and Second Wards entitled "The Spirit of Relief Society Teachers," which portrayed the unselfish devotion of true teachers. A poem "Too Busy," composed by Maida Millar, expressing the development of a teacher, was read, and addresses were given by several Relief Society officers and by the honored elderly sisters.

Pearl O. Clement is president of Richland Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Augusta Stobbe

SHIRAZ RELIEF SOCIETY ORGANIZED AS THE FIRST BRANCH IN IRAN

This Relief Society was organized January 22, 1952, with the following officers: Augusta Stobbe, President (front row, at right); Jane Miller, Secretary-Treasurer; Lulu Anderson, theology class leader; Marge Gagen, work meeting leader; Beth Hall, social science class leader. The Secretary-Treasurer, Jane Miller, also teaches the literature lessons.

President Stobbe reports: "We had seven members when our Relief Society was organized, and now it has grown to sixteen members, and many more have expressed a desire to join. Many of the leading Iranian women have shown great interest in our work and have attended our meetings. We love the work and the spirit of Relief Society and have decided to continue our meetings through the summer months. We have pending a program of food preservation and sewing, which we hope will interest the Persian women. I have been told that a Relief Society was organied in Teheran in July, 1952."

Photograph submitted by Jean D. Wright

SOUTH AFRICAN MISSION, SALISBURY, LUANSHYA, AND BULAWAYO BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETIES

Upper photograph, Salisbury Branch Relief Society, left to right: Verna Joubert; Mary Maxwell, President; Ursula King, Secretary-Treasurer; Imelda Williams; Eileen King, First Counselor. Kathleen Rickson, the Second Counselor, was not present at the time the picture was taken.

Center photograph, Luanshya Branch Relief Society, left to right: Jean Charsley, Secretary-Treasurer; Aletta Nieuwenhuizen, Second Counselor; Alletta Terblanche, First Counselor; Gertrude Fourie; Georgina Spear, President; Johanna van Deventer, Second Counselor.

Bottom photograph, Bulawayo Branch Relief Society.

Front row, seated, left to right: A. Rhodes; Johanna Juber, President; Lillian Sparks, Second Counselor.

Back row, standing, left to right: Janet Sparks; Louise Ninow; Joyce Jones; Dorothy Frost, First Counselor; Lorna Sparks. Norma Thwaits, Secretary-Treasurer, was not present when the picture was taken.

Jean D. Wright, President, South African Mission Relief Society, reports that during the latter part of 1950 the elders started organized missionary work in Northern and Southern Rhodesia, and the work resulted in the organization of the Salisbury and Bulawayo Branch Relief Societies in Southern Rhodesia, and the Luanshya Branch Relief Society in Northern Rhodesia.

* * * *

If You Should Be the One

Grace Barker Wilson

If you should be the one to go before
Into the timeless future's afterwhile,
I'll count you harbinger for me, not lost,
And wipe away my tears, and see your smile.

* * * *

A Parent Is Always a Teacher

We Learn About Honesty

Caroline Eyring Miner

THIS summer the children and I took a trip to the Petrified Forest, where we had a very satisfying experience in honesty. We went into into the Forest in the opposite direction from where the museum is located and, although a sign or two indicated that petrified wood was not to be taken from the national park, the children rationalized that a few tiny scraps picked up from the ground were not included in the instructions. I let the children go on with their rationalizing, hoping they would find their own answer as to the honest thing to do. I noticed they were not so sure of themselves in their rationalizing regarding their right to their specimens that they did not try to hide their treasures, and they mentioned a little fearfully that possibly it wasn't right.

In the museum I called their attention to the letter from a man in India whose conscience had pricked him into returning a piece of petrified wood he had taken long years before. We also saw the size of the piece of petrified wood which, if taken by each visitor, would completely deplete the park in a very short time. We read again that it was not right to take any petrified wood at all.

As we left the museum, I noticed that one after another of the children threw down their tiny scraps of petrified wood. I was gratified. As we passed the inspection station and were asked about the possession of petrified wood, we could all answer, "We have none."

"We could have got by the officials, I suppose," I said quietly to the children, "but a lie would have had to be added to the dishonesty, and we could never have hidden those two scars from ourselves. Wasn't it a good feeling to be honest?"

The bright smiles of the children were answer enough. Just out of the park we stopped at a little shop to buy samples of petrified wood. The shopkeeper was very generous. As we drove away one of my Scouts said, "Boy, we got our petrified wood, and better than that we still have our Honor Bright."

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 13—Separation Into Nephites and Lamanites

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon, 2 Nephi 5)

For Tuesday, February 3, 1953

Objective: To show the power of righteousness and spirituality in building a great civilization.

THE time came when Nephi found it necessary to separate from his older brothers, Laman and Lemuel, and their followers. Because of their malicious and revengeful natures, they resented being corrected by their younger brother. They felt that it was their right to govern, for they were older than Nephi. They could not understand that the mantle of leadership in this God-directed colony, so far as the Lord was concerned, must fall upon the individual who could undergird the civilization with the spiritual qualities which make a nation endure. Nephi was that leader.

They sought to take the life of Nephi. Warned of the Lord, Nephi separated from his brethren and fled into the wilderness in much the same manner that Lehi had done about thirty years earlier when he left Jerusalem for his first encampment in the valley of Lemuel by the Red Sea. Nephi took with him the plates of brass, the ball or compass, and the sword of Laban.

How far Nephi and his followers traveled from the place of their original disembarkation, we are not told. Nephi records that they journeyed into the wilderness for a space of many days and then pitched their tents in a place they called Nephi. He gives us accurate data on the membership of the group which followed him. It comprised: first, Nephi's family; second, Zoram and his family; third, Sam and his family; fourth, Jacob and Joseph, his younger brothers; and fifth his sisters. It was only the group which believed in the warnings and revelations of the Lord which accompanied him.

With this group, among whom there existed a spirit of unity, cooperation, and love, it would be much easier to establish a great colony. The members of this colony may remind us of the group under the leadership of Brigham Young that came from Nauvoo, Illinois, and its vicinity across the plains to the Rocky Mountains. They had a common purpose and could work co-operatively to achieve a common goal. What a contrast

there was between these two groups and the colony Lehi led from Jerusalem to the land of promise! The separation into Nephites and Lamanites was a means of giving Nephi an opportunity to use his leadership for the purpose of building a civilization of greatness and power. And we must bear in mind that such a nation cannot be measured by modern concepts of greatness wherein the material aspects far outweigh the cultural and spiritual.

Woodrow Wilson caught the vision and gave it to us in his address at Swarthmore College, delivered October 25, 1913, in which he said:

> William Penn crossed the ocean, not merely to establish estates in America, but to set up a free commonwealth in America and to show that he was of the lineage of those who have been bred in the best traditions of the human spirit. I would not be interested in celebrating the memory of William Penn if his conquest had been merely a material one. Sometimes we have been laughed at—by foreigners in particular—for boasting of the size of the American Continent, the size of our own domain as a nation; for they have, naturally enough, suggested that we did not make it. But I claim . . . that the size of America is in some sense a standard of the size and capacity of the American people. And yet the mere extent of the American conquest is not what gives America distinction in the annals of the world, but the professed purpose of the conquest, which was to see to it that every foot of this land should be the home of free, self-governed people, who should have no government whatever which did not rest upon the consent of the governed (Woodrow Wilson, address at Swarthmore College, as quoted in John A. Beaty, *et. al. Facts and Ideas*, pp. 190, 191).

The thing that makes a country really great is its spirituality, and the activation of high purposes in the lives of its citizens. A great country, like a great man, must enrich the world.

Turning our attention to the kind of nation Nephi encouraged, we discover that he founded it on a strong spiritual base. Nephi knew that his kingdom must supply, in addition to daily needs, something for the mind and spirit without which life is not worth living. For that purpose he had separated from his brothers. He exhorted his people to keep the statutes and commandments of the Lord according to the law of Moses. He built a temple constructed after the Temple of Solomon. Undoubtedly, this temple was a factor in measuring the spirituality on which the superstructure of their civilization was built.

He selected his two younger brothers, Jacob and Joseph, and consecrated them priests unto the people. He was cognizant that he must continually teach the people correct principles and inspire them to transmute these principles into terms of daily living, if he were to build his nation on a foundation of rock.

Already deeply impressed with the necessity of record keeping, he brought, as we have said, the plates of brass with him. The spiritual ideals of his race could now become part and parcel of the civilization he was to build. He also continued to engrave on the large plates of Nephi a chronicle of the political and social activities of his people. Moreover, following divine instructions, he made a set of small plates upon which he engraved an account of the ministry of his people. (See 1 Nephi 9, also 2 Nephi 5:30.)

Nephi encouraged and developed agriculture and stock raising. He took care to mention on the small plates that the people sowed seeds in abundance and that they reaped bountiful harvests. He also explained that they had flocks and herds of all kinds of animals.

Nephi was also much interested in mining and smelting. That he knew the process is certain, for he mined and smelted ore from which to make tools to construct the ship that brought the colony to the land of promise. He tells us that ores existed in great abundance in the land of Nephi. He also pointed out that he taught his people to work in all manner of wood, iron, copper, brass, steel, gold, silver, and precious ores.

He was not content to have his people live in tents, for he records that he taught them to build buildings. Undoubtedly, this refers to homes and public buildings, including a temple.

If he had not mentioned the fact, we should have known that the people were industrious, because the type of civilization he described calls for industry. But Nephi does not leave us in doubt. He wrote: "And it came to pass that, I, Nephi, did cause my people to be industrious, and to labor with their hands" (2 Nephi 5:17).

To me this statement is significant. He must have realized the two-fold value of work: (1) It is the foundation of success in achieving one's goals; and (2) it exercises a potent curative power on man. We are all familiar with the fact that industry is an indispensable accompaniment of progress, and it is the second value, the curative power of work, which we need to value more. Henry W. Longfellow confirms this curative value of work by writing, "Idleness makes me unhappy."

The founding of this independent nation, highlighted with noble spiritual purposes and indispensable means of material progress, fulfilled earlier prophecies. Nephi, according to prophecy, had been a ruler and teacher over his brothers, and now the Lord, because of wickedness cut them off from his presence. They did not have the sacred records, and they had deprived themselves of power to communicate with God. In accordance with prophecy and because of their iniquity, the older brothers were cursed with a dark skin (2 Nephi 5:21). The Lord wanted them to be loathsome to the Nephites, for he desired to prevent intermarriage, warning the Nephites that whoever intermarried with the seed of Laman and Lemuel would be subject to the same curse.

These Lamanites became an idle people, "full of mischief and subtlety."

They however, were used by the Lord in his wisdom:

> And the Lord God said unto me: They shall be a scourge unto thy seed, to stir them up in remembrance of me; and inasmuch as they will not remember me, and hearken unto my words, they shall scourge them even unto destruction (2 Nephi 5:25).

In writing of the thirteenth year, thirteen years since they left Jerusalem, Nephi records: "And it came to pass that we lived after the manner of happiness" (2 Nephi 5:27).

These two civilizations, resultants

of two widely contrasted ways of life, stand before us, the one producing love, generosity, and progress; the other resulting in hatred, selfishness, and retrogression. The one was developed by high purposes and much industry; the other with low ideals and idleness.

Questions on the Lesson

1. What principles of progress applicable to our nation, are found in the development of the Nephite civilization?
2. What is the two-fold value of work?
3. Specifically, what can we do to help build our civilization on a spiritual foundation?

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 13—"Yea, I Know That God Will Give Liberally to Him That Asketh. Yea, My God Will Give Me If I Ask Not Amiss" (2 Nephi 4:35)

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, February 3, 1953

Objective: To encourage praying to the Lord for guidance, and to point out that he will answer our prayers aright.

TWO conditions are required in this quotation as being necessary for receiving blessings from God: the asking of our Heavenly Father and the asking not amiss. We are advised, "Ask and it shall be given you; knock, and it shall be opened unto you" (Matt. 7:7).

Perhaps we do not supplicate our Father in heaven for guidance and help often enough. Some may have the idea that we should ask him for help only in times of great stress or emergency. But Amulek says:

> Cry unto him in your houses, yea, over all your household, both morning, mid-day, and evening. Yea, cry unto him against the power of your enemies. Yea, cry unto him against the devil, who is an enemy to all righteousness. Cry unto him over the crops of your fields, that ye may prosper in them. Cry over the flocks of your fields, that they may increase (Alma 34:21-25).

We learn from scripture that light and understanding come to the children of men after they have earnestly sought after it. The Doctrine and Covenants contains many instances which demonstrate this truth. In translating The Book of Mormon, and in setting up the organization of the Church, the Prophet Joseph Smith and the brethren aiding him, were often puzzled over some point of doctrine or some question concerning procedure. They took their problems and questions to the Lord, and the answer that was needed to go forward in the work came to them in answer to their sincere prayers.

On the other hand, we recall the unfortunate experience of Martin Harris with the 116 pages of The Book of Mormon manuscript. He pleaded with the Prophet Joseph

Smith for the privilege of taking the manuscript home to convince his wife and some skeptical friends of its authenticity. Twice the Prophet inquired of the Lord and twice the request was denied. Still Martin implored, and so insistent was he that Joseph inquired of the Lord a third time, and this time the Lord gave his consent, upon certain conditions. Martin did not live up to the conditions, however, and the manuscript was lost. The Lord was displeased, and the Urim and Thummim was taken from the Prophet, for a period of time.

The story is told of a little girl, who, for many weeks prior to Christmas, prayed constantly that she might get twelve dolls. Her parents were in very humble circumstances and knew it would be out of the question to give her twelve dolls. One doll would be all they could possibly afford. Much as they tried to persuade the child that twelve dolls were not necessary for her happiness, she steadfastly continued her prayers, and seemed confident that she would get the dolls. The mother and father became perturbed lest the little girl's faith might be shattered when her prayers were not answered as she wished, but Christmas morning a great surprise awaited them.

When the child arose and hurried to find her presents, she looked at the one beautiful doll, snatched it up and held it closely, and talked lovingly and tenderly to it, seeming perfectly satisfied. Bewildered, the father finally asked, "It's all right, isn't it, that Heavenly Father didn't answer your prayers?" To which the little girl quickly replied, "Oh, he answered my prayers. He said 'No.' "

We, too, are little children in our relationship to our Father in heaven. Many of the demands and petitions we ask of him must be answered by "No." Not because he would withhold anything from us, if it were for our benefit, but because it would be unwise for us to have some of the things for which we ask.

The Savior is the superb example for us to follow. "O my Father," he prayed, "if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt" (Matt. 26:39).

Work Meeting—Home Management

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 5—Orderly and Convenient Storage Areas

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, February 10, 1953

AMPLE storage space is essential to order and ease in managing the home. Enough space, however, is not the only consideration. It must be the right kind of space located in a convenient place. This

means that the space should be adapted to the specific articles that are to be placed in it. Each item should be readily visible when doors are opened, and easily removed when needed.

The principle of storage according to place of first use, is just as important in other rooms as it is in the kitchen. Precious time, and many steps will be saved if everything is stored near where it is first used.

Convenience is an inducement to orderliness. Order is much more likely to be maintained if it requires no extra effort. Even the untidy person should find it so convenient to replace things, that the articles he uses make their way back to the right place almost in spite of his careless habits.

Drawers

Neat, orderly dresser drawers make dressing easier, because articles can be found easily and are always in condition to wear. Frequently, dresser drawers are too deep for orderly and convenient arrangement. You may remedy this situation by attaching cleats on the inside of the drawer to hold a tray. The tray should be no more than half the length of the drawer. This makes it possible to slide it from side to side as articles in the bottom part of the drawers are needed. The depth of the sliding tray will depend upon what you plan to store in it and the total depth of your drawer. Any inexpensive wood that can be sanded smooth, or some composition boards, are suitable for this purpose. They may be given a natural finish, enameled, padded with attractive easy to clean fabrics, or just lined with material that is suitable for color and design.

Drawer dividers are also useful in keeping different things separated, or articles of a kind together. Dividers may be only boxes of different sizes and shapes fitted neatly and snugly into the drawer, or they may be of wood held in place with cleats. Even the lids of firmly constructed boxes may be used in shallow drawers.

Linen and Bedding Storage

The problem in planning storage for linen and bedding is to organize and divide space so that any one article may be reached without moving others. Sliding shelves or trays may be placed between regular shelves when they are more than twelve inches apart. Otherwise a stacking of dissimilar articles, or a waste of space, is likely to result. The efficient homemaker will develop a plan for folding the linen so it will fit the space planned for it.

Clothing Storage

Proper care of clothing, while it is in storage, will do much to prolong its life and beauty. Self-made, or movable commercial-type closets are worth considering if a shortage of space is your problem. They will more than pay for the cost in prolonged life and beauty of garments.

It is easy to hang up a coat if there is a closet nearby. You will want one at both front and rear doors. With some low rods and hooks, children are encouraged to hang up their own clothes. Shelves above the children's rod provide space for sweaters, caps, and mittens.

If you keep things off the floor in the closet, it will be easy to dust the floor and keep it clean. Place shoes on racks, or in shoe bags fastened to the closet wall or the inside of the door. The back of closet doors may be used for storing a variety of things, such as hats, shoes, and ties. Equipment for these can be purchased or made at home. An umbrella rack and a rack for purses could also be placed there.

Other Closets

Storage space needed in the living, dining, sewing, and bathroom will depend upon your own personal needs and the activities of your family. Arrange storage space in each room to suit things that are used there, as, for instance, a towel rack low enough for children to reach. Built-in storage units are usually less expensive and require less space than the movable kind.

Orderly Habits

All the conveniences in the world will not make homes orderly unless the people who live in them have a desire to be orderly. The orderly way is the easiest way, because there is less wasted energy. Order is ennobling; disorder restricts and confuses. Money helps to make order possible, but it is surprising what can be done without it where there is initiative and creative ability.

Some homemakers were asked, "What is the secret for order in your home?"

Here are a few of their answers:

1. Take time to plan my work. Each week I spend a few minutes planning menus I wish to serve my family during the coming week, with the necessary market list. This eliminates last-minute trips to the store, a lot of leftovers in the refrigerator, and delayed meals due to last-minute planning.

My children and I plan the cleaning work on a weekly basis. Certain parts of the house are cleaned each week. We hardly know we have done any extra work, and the house is never turned topsy-turvy by an overall housecleaning once or twice each year.

2. In our home we have a regular time for doing each task. We like to begin each day with the family kneeling in family prayer before partaking of a healthful, appetizing breakfast. Such a beginning seems to put us in a state of readiness for the tasks that are to follow. A family breakfast at a regular time makes it possible for me to put my house in order early in the day, and to be free to use my time for other tasks. It also makes it easy and natural for other meals and other tasks to follow in an orderly way.

3. The credit for order in our home is equally shared by all family members. As a family group, each of us, from the three-year-old up, knows what his responsibilities are in the care and the management of our home. My husband and I try to make orderly habits important. Our children are rewarded with words of praise when they do things well. Conveniences are planned for their rooms, as needed, to help make being orderly easy. Most of them are planned and made by children and parents working together.

4. It was the practice in my childhood home, for each person to put everything he had used during the day, in its right place before retiring. This practice has been carried over into our home. With each person doing his share, no one is over-burdened. The children always know where to find their clothes when they arise, because each has a certain place he puts them when he goes to bed.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. What is the secret for order in your house?

2. Recent studies showed that fatigue is more often the result of working where there is disorder than the output of physical energy.

3. Discuss the relationship of disorder to irritability.

Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 29—Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *The Literature of England, II*, Woods, Watt, Anderson, pp. 248-273; 315-318).

For Tuesday, February 17, 1953

Objective: To relate Shelley's idealism to his lyrical poetry.

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.
("To.....: One Word Is Too Often Profaned," stanza 2)

The Idealist-Poet

THE theme of Shelley's life and genius was his attempt to depict a life more real and ideal than actuality had yet offered, that he might thus aid his fellowmen in attaining such an exalted state. In the preface of his masterpiece, *Prometheus Unbound*, Shelley wrote that he had always had "a passion for reforming the world." Equally true and revealing was his statement that "one is always in love with something or other. The error consists in seeking in a mortal image the likeness of what is perhaps eternal."

While Shelley believed that perfection is not to be attained in mortality, he never ceased to strive toward it, both in his ideals and in his poetry. The greatness of the poetry he created matches his lofty theme. If Byron was the most famous of the romantics, Shelley has come to be the best loved; he is commonly referred to as "the poet's poet," and is often proclaimed as "the purest lyric genius in English literature."

A Perry Picture

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
1792-1822

Two sets of quotes might create a fitting backdrop against which to present the events of his life. The first group of excerpts is from his *Declaration of Rights* (text, pp. 316-318) published in his twentieth year:

8. It may be considered as a plain proof of the hollowness of any proposition, if power be used to enforce instead of reason to persuade its admission. Govern-

ment is never supported by fraud until it cannot be supported by reason.

17. No man has a right to do an evil thing that good may come.

18. Expediency is inadmissible in morals. Politics are only sound when conducted on principles of morality. They are, in fact, the morals of nations.

25. If a person's religious ideas correspond not with your own, love him nevertheless. How different would yours have been, had the chance of birth placed you in Tartary or India.

29. Every man has a right to a certain degree of leisure and liberty, because it is his duty to attain a certain degree of knowledge . . . .

31. The only use of government is to repress the vices of man. If man were today sinless, tomorrow he would have a right to demand that government and all its evils should cease.

The following excerpts are from his reasoned, impassioned *Defense of Poetry* (not in textbook) written in 1821, the year before his death:

A poem is the very image of life expressed in its eternal truth.

Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds.

Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man.

Poetry compels us to feel that which we perceive, and to imagine that which we know. It creates anew the universe, after it has been annihilated in our minds by the recurrence of impressions blunted by reiteration.

Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.

The great secret of morals is love . . . . A man, to be greatly good, must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another and of many others; the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own. The great instrument of moral good is the imagination; and poetry administers to the effect by acting upon the cause.

Thus, from his own words, we know of Shelley's belief in freedom, fairness, tolerance, knowledge, morality, love, and in poetry as the best means of making man aware of reality, that he might be morally strengthened.

Shelley's Youth

The facts of Shelley's life are well known and widely published (see text, pp. 248-251). However, some of the facts need support and explanation, that erroneous conclusions be not jumped at and Shelley be made a smaller man than he was.

From his poetry it is obvious how sensitive Shelley must have been. How unfortunate, then, to have as a father a narrow, bigoted man who never understood his son and who was concerned only with perpetuating the Shelley wealth and name. (At Shelley's death his father promised to support his wife and son only so long as she didn't attempt to perpetuate her "shameful" husband's name by publishing a biography.) The young Shelley, as eldest son, shocked his sire by threatening to divide his inheritance equally with his mother and sisters, an action unheard of at that time.

School was likewise a reign of tyrants, either of cruel teachers or older fellow-students, who constantly violated what Shelley felt to be his rights. In retaliation he blew up a section of the school fence with gunpowder, and filled

his room with blue fire from chemical retorts. When a teacher asked in fright what he was doing, Shelley replied, "Sir, I am trying to raise the devil." At age fifteen he read William Godwin's *Political Justice*, and from thenceforth he was true to his desire to reform mankind. The tract on atheism for which he was expelled actually proposed agnosticism, and while in his youth, he did doubt the existence of a deity, in his later works, *Hellas* and *Prometheus Unbound*, he speaks of Christ with highest respect, since Christ brought the doctrine of love by which alone, Shelley thought, man can save himself; in his mature list of great literature the Bible excelled all others.

At nineteen Shelley became infatuated with Harriet Westfield. Her sister, fully aware of the advantage of having Harriet marry the eldest son of a wealthy country squire, pushed the match, and Harriet appealed to Shelley for protection from her father. The gallant, idealistic Shelley responded, and the young couple married, then went to Ireland to save that country from Catholicism by handing out tracts on Dublin street corners, attaching them to balloons, and even sending them afloat in bottles.

That the Shelleys failed in this crusade is not so important as what the pamphlets contained. Shelley urged the Irish to oppose the two institutions which throughout his life he felt were the greatest perpetrators of man-made evil: historical sectarian Christianity (not Christ and his principles), and undemocratic government. In overcoming these evils, Shelley held violence should not be used, but only constitutional resistance by ballot and persuasion. Through reason and love men should come closer together, in the spirit of the Beatitudes. Then only could man truly progress.

During this early period of zealous reform Shelley came to believe that abstinence from alcohol and meat was necessary to save mankind, but like many of his other early principles, these were eventually abandoned. By 1815 in his fragmentary *Essay on Christianity* he openly praised Christ but condemned sectarianism and, in later years, he spoke of his early, extreme poem, *Queen Mab*, as "villianous trash."

Self-Exile and Death

Meanwhile Harriet began to sense that because of her husband's revolutionary idealism she was being denied the comforts and luxuries of life for which she had hoped. At the same time Shelley fell in love with William Godwin's magnetic, intelligent daughter Mary. He told Harriet everything; but she refused to release him. Since he believed that marriage without love was hypocrisy, he eloped to Switzerland, sending half his income to Harriet and their child. When two years later in 1816, Harriet committed suicide, Shelley was doubly despised by English society, since his attacks on orthodox Christianity were already well known.

When the courts denied him custody of his children because of his atheistic and anti-social opinions, he considered himself banished from England. Like Byron he never returned, living abroad on

a substantial legacy left him at the death of his grandfather.

Some six years later Shelley was drowned off the Italian coast. When his body was recovered, a copy of Keats' poems was found in one pocket, Socrates' writings in the other. Thus in death as in life he surrounded himself with his two great loves: a vision of ideal man, and poetry. It is significant that Byron, frank and fearless, repeatedly spoke of him as "without exception the best and least selfish man I ever knew." Those who knew him best remembered him as modest, kind, sincere, and devoted to his dynamic ideals. In contrast to Byron, he never knew fame while alive, and so slowly was he accepted that his works were not printed until seventeen years after his death.

His Greatest Work

Both for its vision and its poetry Shelley's verse-play *Prometheus Unbound* is his masterpiece. It has justly been called "the supreme expression in literature of the doctrine of the perfectibility of the human race." The play is a continuation of the plot of *Prometheus Bound* by the ancient Greek master of tragedy, Aeschylus. For bringing the secret of fire to mortals, thus liberating man in part from Jupiter's power, Prometheus has been chained by Jupiter to a mountainous crag, where ravens come daily to eat at his heart.

Even though originally Prometheus gave Jupiter power to rule, Prometheus will not annul the great law that finally evil is vanquished by its own inner weakness. Despite his torture, Prometheus finally is capable of stifling his feelings of hatred and revenge toward Jupiter, and, instead, pities him as an instrument of evil. In that moment Jupiter's power ends, and mankind is free. Thus man always holds within himself the power to overcome human misery and cruelty by using those principles which Shelley loved best: gentleness, virtue, wisdom, patience, and above all the Christian virtue of love. The play's length prevents its being included in our text, but two of its most lovely songs may be read on pp. 256-257.

We have discussed the eternal beauty of Shelley's ideals; now we are ready to realize in these songs that form and content are inseparably one, and that beauty of content inspires beauty of form:

> My soul is an enchanted boat,
> Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
> Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing . . . .
> ("Asia," text, pp. 256-257, l. 1-3)

The final stanza of the second movement might well state Shelley's own credo:

> To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
> To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
> To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
> To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
> From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
> Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
> This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
> Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
> This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.
> ("Demogorgon," text, page 257, l. 17-25)

Lyrical Powers

Surely, we must agree, herein is

revealed a soul great in power as in beauty. Here, as throughout his poetry, we are "compelled to feel that which we perceive, and to imagine that which we know." Indeed, it is Shelley's imagery and music and beauty of expression, rather than his ideas alone, which have caused him to be universally loved. His flawless lyrical power of expression is without comparison; nor can it be described in words other than Shelley's own:

Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear—
Swift be thy flight!
("To Night," text, page 261)

The mystery of words and of poetry has never been more powerfully presented, although we find echoing tones of it in Browning and Tennyson, two of Shelley's staunchest admirers. Each of Shelley's poems, like the poet himself, has it own soul which is real and powerful and intangible, and is not to be condensed or summarized or otherwise violated.

"Ode to the West Wind"

Shelley believed that the soul of the universe was one of love, best revealed through poetry which dealt with nature. Thus his best-loved poems have as subjects the night, clouds, wind, and a bird. Each of these announced titles, however, merely serves as the medium or symbol for Shelley's own impassioned lyrical strain. Rarely is the "pure serene" of poetry so pure and sustained as in these poems; often the imagery is breath-taking, so powerfully does it present the very life-breath of the poet's own overwhelming inner reality. For example, in his "Ode to the West Wind" (text, pp. 255-256), we are transported, not by the wind, which even now blows each day, but by what Shelley sees and feels; the wind, forest, sky, sea are but merest excuses for Shelley to communicate the anguish, fear and hope, the appreciation of nature, the past, sensations which were rampant in his inner heart when he was first conscious of the wind's expressing or symbolizing what he felt.

This poem might well be compared to a symphony in five movements. In the first three the West Wind is described amid forest, in the sky, and over the sea; in the fourth, repeating smaller images (or themes) from the first three movements, Shelley bridges the gap between the first three and the last, which is a prayer that Shelley's spirit may be as that of the West Wind. In each movement, save the last, the same motif occurs: out of beauty finally come ghosts, "pestilence - stricken multitudes," "black rain and fire," sapless foliage of the ocean "suddenly grown gray with fear," "I fall . . . I bleed!" and, in the last, "Drive my dead thoughts over the universe." Within the three middle movements this note of somberness and fear is the final one; in the first and last stanzas the wind is acknowledged as both good and evil "destroyer and preserver," as spring following the chill of winter. Also in these two movements the theme of death and birth occurs.

The first four stanzas contain the two motifs which are repeated in

the final prayer stanza: each of the first three begins in music and beauty (violins and flutes) only to end with majestic cadence, full-ringing chords throughout the orchestra, with much brass, tympani, and cymbal-crash. This crescendo of emotion and power also occurs in lines 52-54 ("As thus with thee . . . . I bleed!") The last two lines are modulation and transition before the full-throated magnificence of the climactic movement. The first three stanzas of the fifth movement are still somber: "tumult of thy mighty harmonies," "deep, autumnal tone," "Sweet though in sadness," "Drive my dead thoughts . . . like withered leaves."

But in line 64 we are "quickened" to a new birth, and the tone and rhythm change. Now the ashes to be scattered are from "an unextinguished hearth" rather than a cold one; nor are they called ashes alone: now they are sparks as well—sparks which the West Wind is to scatter to all mankind as "the trumpet of a prophecy." Then, light and truth having risen out of darkness, fear, "hectic red," "decaying leaves," and "closing night" —then the thought of winter is vanquished in the jubilant anticipation of spring!

Here is the simple unity, the accumulative power, and deep emotional penetration of great writing. It should also be noted that the poem also incarnates Shelley's belief in art and poetry as the best means of communicating to the hearts of men, in order that seeing truth through symbol and the imagination, all men may be bettered.

If time permits, similar ingredients and attainments might be pointed out in other of Shelley's poems, from the brief but piercing "Ozymandias" (page 253) to "Adonais" (pp. 262-270), which deservedly ranks with Milton's "Lycidas" as a great elegy.

Suggestions for Discussion

1. Discuss Shelley as a reformer.
2. Why, as a reformer, did he believe so fervently in the use and necessity of poetry?
3. How can we know from his poetry that Shelley believed in the perfectibility of man?

* * * *

Memorable

Iris W. Schow

He who seeks for beauty but to please his eye
Finds it as elusive as a butterfly,
Passing like a rainbow ephemerally away,
Unimportant as the dream forgotten in a day.

He who, while at labor, has observed the glow
Of a perfect sunrise, comes at length to know
Beauty held in duty's mesh keeps its rightful place,
Permanent as emerald, remembered like love's face.

Social Science—The Progress of Man

Part III—In the Way of Destiny

Lesson 18—Modern Trends in Government

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

(Text: *The Progress of Man*, chapters 33-34).

For Tuesday, February 24, 1953

Objective: To show that nations, rejecting truth and worshiping worldly things, are drifting towards irreligion and the darkness of hate and evil, and a woeful lack of respect for law and order. The world is aligning itself into two camps, dictatorship and communism on the one hand, and democracy on the other. Peace is imperiled and preparations for war are on a scale heretofore unknown.

A Warning Voice

It should be plainly manifest to the casual observer, as well as to the thoughtful student, that the nations of the earth are rapidly drifting towards the abyss of destruction and the time spoken of by the Lord when he said he would make an end of all nations. This drift has increased since the First World War. Our Savior declared that he will not come until the cup of iniquity is full. The signs that the cup is rapidly filling are constantly before us, and while this is an unpleasant topic, extremely so to those who are unrepentant and living in disobedience of the commandments of the Lord, nevertheless someone is compelled to raise the warning voice.

The Lord has poured out abundant knowledge in all material things upon the inhabitants of the earth. Great progress has been made in mechanics, in chemistry, in physics and other sciences. Men have built great telescopes by which the hidden galaxies of the universe have been brought to view. They have, by the aid of the microscope, discovered vast worlds of micro-organisms. They have discovered means to control disease, and thus prolong life. They have, by the aid of anesthesia, made men insensible to pain, thus permitting major and delicate operations which would not otherwise be performed. They have invented machines more delicate than the human touch, more sensitive to light and able to see farther and truer than the human eye, and other machines so powerful that by their aid mountains may be removed. The accomplishments of men, through the inspiration the Lord has given them, but which they seldom acknowledge, are too numerous to mention. This is a wonderful age. Everything, it seems, to make men happy, prosperous, and comfortable, to lessen their difficulties and responsibilities, has been given unto them; but still they are in the midst of turmoil, dissatisfaction, and distress. Men have rejected the most important knowledge—the saving laws of God. There has been a great indifference manifested toward religion and all its virtues. Men came out of the war hardened in their views and judgment toward religion and lacking in moral stability.

In the United States in recent years there has grown up a woeful lack of respect for law and order. This spirit is also manifest in other countries, but in the United States we have been, and still are, infested with gangsters, thugs, and organized criminals, as wicked and powerful as were the Gadianton robbers in olden times. These criminals have been using modern inventions to aid them in their evil work.

Paganistic Trend of Education

The trend of education throughout the world is materialistic and mechanistic; the swing is away from God. What the advocates of these doctrines are pleased to call "modernism" and "liberalism" eliminate faith in Jesus Christ as the Son of God. These teachings deny the necessity for the atonement and its efficacy. They teach that through untold ages man has been gradually ascending the ladder of intelligence since he "evolved" from lower forms of life and gained a conscience. Therefore, they declare the story of Adam and the garden of Eden is a myth coming to us from an age of credulity and superstition. It is loudly proclaimed that some of the books of the Old Testament were not written by the men whose names they bear. The modern teaching eliminates the doctrine of the resurrection of Jesus Christ and every other creature, and hence denies the testimony of the disciples of our Lord, who were eyewitnesses of his resurrection. No wonder that sober-minded men are crying out against these evils and calling on the people to "return to God."

The Cheapening Trend of Literature

There has never been a time in the history of the world when so much literature was before the people as there is today. Hundreds of tons of books, pamphlets, magazines, to say nothing of newspapers with their demoralizing, sensational sections, are being printed every year. What are the people reading? A great many are content with the cheapest trash, the sensational and sex-appealing literature.

Moving Pictures As an Evil

There is no other one agency of greater value to the people in the interest of education than the moving pictures. But Satan has laid his slimy fingers upon the films. It is questionable if any one thing coming prominently before the people in modern times has surpassed the moving picture as a force in the influencing of youth towards evil. Can it be denied that the lawlessness which prevails is greatly contributed to by films portraying the craftiness of the defiers of the law?

Influence on the Sanctity of the Home

In the home the baneful effects of the modern moving picture are manifest. Marriage is treated with disrespect and in a spirit of levity. The trivial manner in which many look upon marriage in this present day is an abomination in the sight of God. Men and women enter the sacred relationship on a whim or fancy, and on another whim or fancy that relationship is broken. The home, because of this attitude, has lost its sanctity. The world today is practicing unchastity, and the

Lord has said that the committing of this sin is second only to murder in gravity.

Intemperance

All who prize the gift of salvation realize that the exaltation which they seek is based, among other things, upon cleanliness of life. Sanctification of the body comes through obedience to the gospel of Jesus Christ. No body can be sanctified when it is filled with filth. Liquor, even in its milder forms, makes the user besotted. The use of tobacco has a like effect upon the body. It impairs and destroys. Now that the appeal is being made by greed and corruption to women, inviting them to partake of liquor and tobacco, the downfall of the nations is accelerated. It seems that a large percentage of the men and women today love filthiness rather than cleanliness.

Violation of the Sabbath

The Sabbath day is not observed as it should be. Sunday is the great holiday, the day of pleasure in many parts of the United States and the world. How can we claim a right to the blessings of the Almighty when this commandment is disobeyed?

The words of ancient Israel come pealing down the vista of time with prophetic warning to the people of the present day, but they heed not the warning because they are "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God."

Modern Trend Toward Dictatorship

The modern trend of the nations is towards dictatorship. It has taken form in two great camps. But, nevertheless, the direction is the same, although reached by different routes. On the one side the direction which is to make an end of all nations is through *communism*; and the other side it may be reached through *Facism* and *Nazism*. While these two forces are apparently arrayed against each other, nevertheless the goal to be reached by them eventually is the same.

Peace Taken From the Earth

The Lord said that the beginning of the end was to be at the rebellion of South Carolina, at the commencement of the Civil War in the United States. From that place war was to be poured out, and the time was to come when it would be poured out on all nations:

> . . . with the sword and by bloodshed the inhabitants of the earth shall mourn; and with famine, and plague, and earthquake, and the thunder of heaven, and the fierce and vivid lightning also, shall the inhabitants of the earth be made to feel the wrath, and indignation, and chastening hand of an Almighty God, until the consumption decreed hath made a full end of all nations (D. & C. 87:6).

The warfare upon the earth has scarcely ceased, if it has ever ceased, since the firing of the first gun at Fort Sumter. As soon as peace is declared in one part of the world, war raises his ugly visage in another. The First World War did not frighten the world into peace. Peace will not come through fright. When greed and wickedness prevail upon the face of the earth, there will be no peace, and the final conflict is sure to come. Peace has been taken from the earth never again to return until Christ comes to restore it. The angels have been sent on their mission to reap down the earth and to bind the tares that they may be

burned. (See D. & C. 86.) They are at work among the nations.

President Wilford Woodruff as early as 1893 made this declaration:

> I want to bear testimony to this congregation, and to the heavens and the earth, that the day is come when those angels are privileged to go forth and commence their work. They are laboring in the United States of America; they are laboring among the nations of the earth; and they will continue (*Millennial Star* 58:739).

War is not over; the present conflicts in the earth, and recent conquests, which were as brutal and barbaric as those of ancient times, lend proof to this statement. Then, if prophecy is to be fulfilled, there awaits the world a conflict more dreadful than any the world has yet seen. John saw this in vision, and it has been also partly described by other prophets. (See the *Voice of Warning*, 1881 edition, pp. 38-54, as found in the text, pp. 404-408).

The Blindness of the Nations

Unwittingly, in their lust for power and their jealousies and fears, the nations of the earth will bring all of this to pass. They have placed their trust in the arm of flesh, which cannot save and have forsaken the arm of God, which is mighty to save. The feeling today in the world, nation against nation, is extremely tense. Armies are stationed on borders watching and fearing lest some overt act by another people may be committed.

Strange it is that the world cannot learn its lesson without passing through untold suffering, needlessly brought upon it because it will not repent. The Lord does not delight in the shedding of blood, nor in the offering of human sacrifice upon the altar of liberty, but he has decreed wars among the wicked, because they will not repent. The time is at hand when the "wrath of God shall be poured out upon the wicked without measure—unto the day when the Lord shall come to recompense unto every man according to his work, and measure to every man according to the measure which he has measured to his fellow man" (D. & C. 1:9-10).

> For the hour is nigh and the day soon at hand when the earth is ripe; and all the proud and they that do wickedly shall be as stubble; and I will burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts, that wickedness shall not be upon the earth (D. & C. 29:9).

Treason Against God

Former President Elmer G. Peterson of the Utah State Agricultural College, who spent several months in Europe in 1936, made the following comments:

> Two or three hundred million people are now living under dictators, dictators with scientific weapons at their disposal of such destructiveness that civilization conceivably could be wiped out if they are ever loosed, and under a political organization which gives men no choice. It is impossible for any one who has not seen it to sense fully the degree to which democracy and human liberty have been crushed on the continent of Europe . . . .
>
> May I say one other thing? There is a definite correlation between the decline of freedom and democracy and the decline of Christianity in these countries . . . . Any real sense of individual relationship to a Supreme Being has disappeared and these nations no longer believe that they are accountable to this Just Judge for their acts. Christendom, so-called, has to a marked degree everywhere in it become Godless. This, I believe, is the

root of the world's ills. Christianity, under the benign influence of which our civilization has developed, is now denied by the very nations it made great and powerful. *This is treason, probably the most serious treason ever committed upon earth.* And who can believe that we can escape the penalty for such an act?"

Although the world is being visited with judgments, Latter-day Saints are sustained and encouraged by inspired messages from their prophets, such as the following taken from the 1951 Christmas Greetings of the First Presidency:

Our sympathies go out in this season of love and good will to the victims of injustice and tyranny among the nations, particularly to those suffering the awful calamities of war. We pray constantly for a cessation of hostilities, from which so many of the innocent suffer; and we pray for rebuke to the wicked, that the hand of the Lord may stay their terrible impositions upon millions of his children. We likewise pray for all the righteous throughout the earth, that more power may be given to them to combat the atheistic forces of evil, who wreak their havoc among the nations.

We say to our people, do not lose heart whatever may betide. The Lord is with his work. He will not forsake it. It has been put in the earth not merely for a century or a millennium. It is established for eternity. It will triumph over all opposition. It will eventually lead all men to the ways of peace, and they who remain faithful and true in the Kingdom will have that surpassing joy which we wish for all this Christmas time.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Name modern nations where the trend has been toward dictatorship or communism. Show that each deprives man of his God-given free agency.
2. What are some of the agencies, good in themselves, being debased today? Is television accomplishing all the good it could?
3. What future perils await the world if it does not repent and return unto God? Are there evidences of such repentance?
4. Comment on the declaration that peace has been taken from the earth and will not return till the coming of Christ.
5. Is there any real peace in the world today?
6. Point out the truth in the Book of Mormon statement that "Wickedness never was happiness" (Alma 41:10).

Autumn Night

Elizabeth Waters

How black the fir trees loom against this hill,
Their pointed shadows etched beneath the moon—
How ghostly gleams this meadow, stubble-strewn
With summer's withered grasses, dry and shrill.
The stream within its reeds flows dark and chill,
And nameless whisperings, a half-heard rune
Fretting the tranquil radiance of night's noon,
Arise and die again as night winds still.
My love is not awake, nor yet quite sleeping;
Restless he stirs, and turns to dreams again.
Alone, I pause here at the window, keeping
This hour as balm against some future pain,
Not yet persuaded that my present heaping
Of joy, unlike this moonlight, cannot wane.

The Discarded Dishes

(Continued from page 737)

use here. Would you like to see it?"

She began to spread her cloths and take out some beautiful dishes, truly much nicer than most of the others could bring to this dinner. Lurena, drawn by her fondness for pretty dishes, stood by with the others to watch. Just looking at the smooth, translucent texture and the graceful floral designs brought back into her heart the longing ache for her own "best dishes." For, as pretty as she admitted Arabelle's were, her own had been even lovelier.

She wondered what had become of hers. Could the box still be hidden in the wild growth of vegetation? Might someone else have found and taken it? Or had the dishes been scattered and broken by now?

She scarcely heard the admiring comments of the group around her until a question caught her attention.

Someone was asking, "How did you ever manage to bring so much fine china with you? We didn't have room for anything except the barest necessities."

"We didn't have room either, really." There was a tone of triumph in her voice as Arabelle replied, "But some of you simply don't show enough spunk. When Thomas told me there just wasn't room for this box, I cried all night. The next morning I told him that he had no idea how hard it was for a woman to start out for a wilderness and have to leave all of her precious personal things behind. Then I told him that he would have to find some way to bring the things I wanted most or I wouldn't come. So he inquired around and found that John and Lurena had some space to spare. They brought it for me, didn't you, dear?"

She smiled across the table at Lurena.

"You never knew what was in that box did you? But you were so fortunate to have plenty of wagon space. It was lucky for me, too."

Arabelle turned back to her table setting and her enjoyment of the neighbors' admiration.

THE color drained slowly from Lurena's face, and for a moment she felt as if her knees might give way and let her fall. Then her cheeks flamed hot. A muddle of emotions battled for expression while she struggled to control them, but she just stood there. She couldn't speak a word.

Not here! Not now! She couldn't say the hateful things that flashed into her mind! But just wait until tomorrow! Then she would go to Arabelle and tell her what a spoiled, selfish creature she was.

Driven by a burst of emotional energy, she hurried back to her own table and busied herself setting out the food and her own plain white plates. Hot tears squeezed through her blinking lids and splashed off her cheeks, but she didn't care. Her mind was completely occupied with planning what she would say tomorrow.

Soon the work was done. The

tables were ready, and people were filing into their places. Lurena looked around for her family. She must regain her composure, for she didn't want them to know how the day had been spoiled for her.

She saw her husband coming through the crowd. Kind, strong John, with his practical sense of values. He was made of the stuff pioneering required. Was she as equal to her role? Now she could see the children with him. Their faces were shining with happy excitement and anticipation. She musn't spoil that.

Suddenly she saw everything with a new perspective. Her heartaches were tied to the past. The children looked to the future. After she was gone, they would still be here to reap the benefits of her efforts and sacrifice, and after them would be their children and their children's children. That was what made everything worth while. They would have beautiful homes, nice furnishings, beautiful dishes, and lovely gardens. They would have not only plenty of the necessities, but also the little "extras" in comfort and beauty.

She looked around until she saw Arabelle, standing proud and happy beside Thomas at the head table, and Lurena realized that her anger had already burned itself out. She would never go to say the resentful things she had planned. What was the use of saying them now? Standing there, Arabelle seemed so young, so vulnerable, such a tender little reed against the strong currents of this rugged life. Perhaps, more than some of the other women, she *did* need a few familiar possessions to give her courage. Any-

Christmas . . .
CANTATAS
for
Relief Society Choruses

..... Carols of Christmas—SSA—Lorenz..... .80
..... Christmas Messiah—SSA—Handel ..... .80
..... Dawn of Christmas—SSA—Nolte..... .80
..... Music of Bethlehem—SSA—Holton..... .80
..... Prepare Him Room—SSA—Hadler..... .80
..... Song of the Holy Night—SA—Wilson .80
..... Wondrous Story—SSA—Kountz ..... .60
..... Yuletide Memories—SA—Wilson ..... .80

WE PAY POSTAGE
Music Sent On Approval
Use this advertisement on your order blank

DAYNES MUSIC COMPANY
45-47 South Main
Salt Lake City 1, Utah
Please send postpaid the music indicated above.
☐ On Approval ☐ Charge
☐ Money Enclosed
Name.....
Address.....
City & State.....

FIRST OF ALL — RELIABILITY
Daynes Music Co.
45-47 SOUTH MAIN STREET
SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

Preserve Your
Relief Society Magazines
For Reference

Have your Relief Society Magazines bound into permanent yearly volumes. They are excellent for reference. Cost is small. Write or phone today for information.

Deseret News Press
8 SOUTH MAIN STREET
4-2581 Salt Lake City, Utah

Pressure Bent

Mary Gustafson

Little Miss Gray was like her name,
She never saw the sun,
For there was always work to do,
And errands to be run.

She had no time to stop before
The park where dahlias grew,
Or listen to a thrush call,
For there were things to do.

Her feet were just a pace behind
Her body as she went,
Head forward and against the wind,
Toil-turned and pressure-bent . . . .

Had she but paused to look a moment
At the pink and buttercup,
She could have had a bit of resting
And a chance for looking up!

way, she surely would never have asked for the space if she had known.

It was time for the celebration to begin. The assembled people bowed their heads for the prayer of gratitude and the blessing on this Thanksgiving feast.

No one saw Lurena raise her handkerchief to wipe a few fresh tears—soft tears this time that washed away the crumbled walls of bitterness. And no one heard her murmur softly to herself after her own reverent Amen, "After all, it was only a box of dishes."

* * * *

Song of Loneliness

Vesta N. Lukei

Oh, this I never knew,
Or noticed till tonight,
That distant trains create
A melody of flight,
And far across the hills
The unseen train tracks sing,
Attuned to loneliness—
Awake and listening.

Heart at Rest

Beatrice K. Ekman

The dark before the dawn
Engulfs the air;
A slumbering stillness waits
Upon the stair.
Quiet the fruited orchard
And the street;
No twittering of birds,
No hurrying feet.
Your dear, dark head
Upon the pillow pressed—
The house is full again,
My heart at rest.

VIDA FOX CLAWSON

Announces Two Winter Tours

HAWAII AND MEXICO

For complete details, write or phone:

VIDA FOX CLAWSON

966 East South Temple — Tel. 4-2017
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Unexpressed

Hilda V. Cameron

Sometimes things happen,
Things we cannot express—
A sudden light,
A sense of joy,
An unforgettable caress.

There is no strange oblivion,
There is no curtain drawn
So close but we
May catch a glimpse,
Or feel the nearness
Of a loved one—gone.

Love Must Be Free

Ada Marie Patten

"I love this bird," my small son said,
"I'm surely glad I found it."
But when he looked, the bird was dead,
His hand too tight around it.

Some big folks, even, fail to see
In order to love rightly,
That which we love, we must set free—
Love dies if held too tightly.

A Little While

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Life is such a little while—
Remembered summers come and gone
The winter's discontent removed,
The coming of a youth's new dawn.

Life is just a little while—
A great love safe within the past,
A love that was not realized,
But was understood at last.

Life's longest road is but a span—
A song, a sorrow to outlive,
A prelude's length of measured time,
With much to have and much to give.

From Near and Far

I would like to express my appreciation for *The Relief Society Magazine*. My mother always subscribed to it, but I must admit that I really didn't become interested in it until after I married and had my own subscription. All of the stories are wonderful, and I always look forward to the next issue and another chapter of a continued story. I also enjoy the articles on travel, cooking, etc. At present I am particularly enjoying the series of "Adventure in Glass" (by Alberta H. Christensen).

—Mrs. Florence Dye
College Station, Texas

It gives me pleasure to see the name of Bertha A. Kleinman in *The Relief Society Magazine* again (Poem—"Sublimity"—September 1952). I hope I may see it more often. Bertha Kleinman is a very talented and modest woman who has never sounded a clarion concerning her achievements. A recent letter received from her informed me that the State of Arizona had asked her to write a pageant for its centennial. I thought her friends who love her work might like to hear of this honor she has received.

—Gene Romolo
Provo, Utah

May I say how much I enjoy the *Magazine*, and I do find it helpful in so many ways—always feel uplifted after reading the stories, and I realize that my American sisters have much the same little problems as I. Although I am not a member of your Church, I enjoy many happy friendships with your people and admire them very much indeed. One of my friends paid a year's subscription as a wedding gift to me, and what a wonderful gift it has proved to be!

—Mrs. Ken Tippett
Coventry, Warwickshire, England

The *Magazine* is of great interest to me. When I read the stories they make me want to do a good deed, as it seems all of them are about people doing good for others, and it makes me feel that I want to be one of them.

—Mrs. Colleen Zorger
Derby, Kansas

I love the "Invitation to Relief Society" poem (by Lera Clark Maughan, August 1952).

—Mrs. Rosetta Weder
West Allis, Wisconsin

While reading through our *Magazine*, I appreciate more and more my affiliation with the Relief Society organization out here in this Western States Mission, because through its purpose, so much good is possible where the spirit of our Lord is present among our dear members. We will continue to do our share to make our membership larger and better and we will endeavor to increase the circulation of our wonderful *Magazine*.

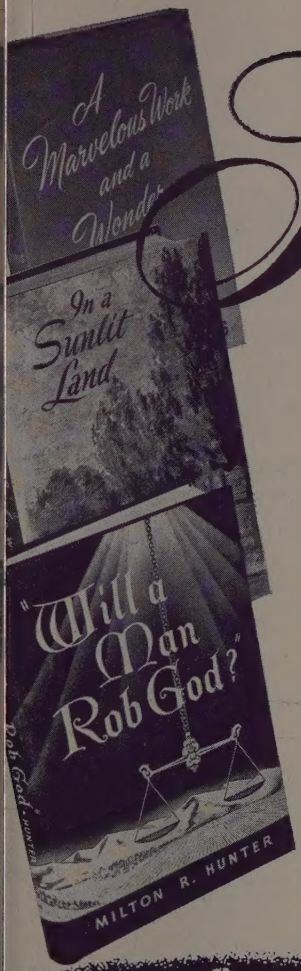
—Mrs. Delta N. Williams
Uravan, Colorado

Thank you for the check and the extra copy of the *Magazine* containing my poem "Sublimity" (September 1952). So many have told me they take the message strictly for them. And I am glad they do. When folks ask what is my favorite of my own work, I always say if anything I have written fits someone's need, then that is my favorite. Thank you, too, for the nice mention of Evelyn Viner's passing. She was an active member of our writer's club, and her last assignment in her literary course was to interview an author, and she chose me. It was her last night in Mesa. Another recognition that thrills me is your acceptance of Bernice Clayton's two poems ("First Steps," July 1951, and "Deep Winter," January 1952). She is still bedridden from paralysis, but keeps keen mentally, and is so sweet and cheerful.

—Bertha A. Kleinman
Mesa, Arizona

I am a visiting teacher in our ward, and how I enjoy it! Our topics, as published in the *Magazine*, are so uplifting. They encourage us and give us the belief that there is something in life worth living for. My daughters love to read *The Relief Society Magazine*. My husband says it is one of the best books we have. I prefer it to any other.

—Julia Walker
Mesquite, Nevada



Selections

FOR AUTUMN READING PLEASURE

1. **A MARVELOUS WORK AND A WONDER**
   LeGrande Richards
   An inspired consideration of the Restoration of the Gospel in these latter days. An important help for all missionary work . . . an asset for your home library. This book is expertly written by one who has spent many years of his life in the mission field. **$1.75**

2. **IN A SUNLIT LAND**
   John A. Widtsoe
   The heartwarming autobiography of a distinguished churchman and man of science. Sprinkled with bits of wisdom and sprightly humor. **$3.00**

3. **WILL A MAN ROB GOD?**
   Milton R. Hunter
   A new book delving into the origin and background of the law of tithing. Filled with many stories on tithing, this book is of vital interest to every Latter-day Saint. **$3.00**

4. **LIFE ETERNAL**
   Lynn McKinlay
   Originally prepared for young people planning their first visit to the Temple, this series of four lectures provides an excellent background for anyone planning Temple work or desiring general background to Temple Ordinances. Newly revised edition. **$2.00**

5. **ON THE WAY TO IMMORTALITY AND ETERNAL LIFE**
   J. Reuben Clark
   Man's age-old quest for truth, for an assurance of life after death, is here sharply brought into focus under the scholarly and inspired writing of President Clark. **$3.50**

6. **SIGNS OF THE TIMES**
   Joseph Fielding Smith
   A fascinating discussion of prophecies fulfilled and prophecies to come, with additional information taken from events from 1942 to 1952. Revised up-to-date edition. **$2.25**

Deseret Book Co.
44 East South Temple

Order Conveniently by Mail

DESERET BOOK CO., Dept. RS
44 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah

Please send the following circled books:

1 2 3 4 5 6

Enclosed please find check ☐ or money order ☐

Name.....

Address.....

City.....**State**.....

All books shipped prepaid. Residents of Utah add 2% sales tax.

MRS SILAS W BURTON
461 HAZEL ST
CITY 2

U. S. POSTAGE
2¢ Paid
SALT LAKE CITY, UTA
PERMIT No. 690

LIB-9-226-42329 DEC

Free

TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE
Family Reading Club

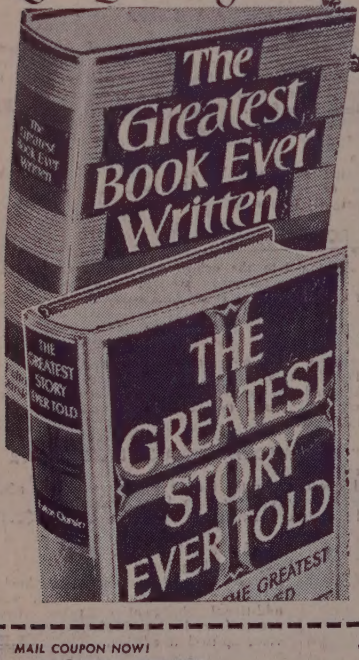
BOTH

of Fulton Oursler's "Greatest" Books

"The Greatest Book Ever Written"

— AND —

"The Greatest Story Ever Told"



FULTON OURSLER was the most beloved inspirational writer of modern times. Millions of families cherish his books, and millions more were devoted to his daily newspaper column. Now in this new Family Reading Club offer, you are invited to accept copies of his two "Greatest" books, "The Greatest Book Ever Written" *and* "The Greatest Story Ever Told"—both as your FREE Membership Gift. Read, below, how the Family Reading Club operates, and send for your *two* free books *today!*

THE GREATEST BOOK EVER WRITTEN

Here is a masterwork conceived in faith and written with courage and love—a sweeping narrative detailing each incident of the Old Testament with powerful simplicity, describing each character in all his infamy and all his greatness. You will read it again and again, each time with new joy in experiencing the Bible in your own familiar language.

THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD

People everywhere have thrilled to this everlastingly beautiful story — perhaps the most accurate version of the life of Jesus ever written, outside of the Bible itself. Simply and reverently, everywhere true to the Gospels, Fulton Oursler unfolds the timeless story, bringing Jesus and those whose lives were entwined with His wonderfully close to you.

WHY WE MAKE THIS UNUSUAL NEW OFFER

THE FAMILY READING CLUB makes this unusual offer to demonstrate how membership in the Club brings you the best and most enjoyable new books at much less than the publishers' regular editions! Founded to select and distribute books which are *worthwhile, interesting* and *entertaining* without being objectionable in any way, the Family Reading Club is just what you have been looking for. Each month our Editors select the one book they can recommend most enthusiastically — a book *which every member of your family can read,* which you can safely leave where older children can read it if they wish, and which can be retained in your home library with pride.

HOW MEMBERS SAVE UP TO 60%

You pay only $1.89 each (plus postage and handling) for the books you purchase after reading the book review magazine which will come to your home each month. You may accept as few as four books each year to retain your membership — and you will receive a handsome new "Bonus" Book *free* for each four Club selections you take. The purchase of books from the Club for only $1.89 each—instead of $3.00 to $4.00 in the publishers' original editions —saves you from 35% to 50% on each book you accept. And when the value of the Bonus Books is figured in, you can save as much as 60% of your book dollars!

JOIN NOW — SEND NO MONEY

If you believe in a book club which will appeal to your finest instincts, let us introduce you to the Family Reading Club NOW while you can get *both* of the wonderful books described here as your *free* Membership Gift. Send no money now, just mail the coupon at once, before you forget!

FAMILY READING CLUB • MINEOLA, N. Y.

MAIL COUPON NOW! CS

BOTH FREE WITH MEMBERSHIP
"THE GREATEST BOOK EVER WRITTEN"
***and* "THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD"**
FAMILY READING CLUB, Dept. 11-RSM MINEOLA, N.Y.

Please send me at once the *two* books listed above as my free Membership Gift books. Also enroll me as a member of the Family Reading Club and send me, each month, a review of the Club's forthcoming selection. I have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish to accept any selection, or *alternate* book—at the special members' price of only $1.89 each (plus postage and handling). There are no membership dues or fees, and I may accept as few as four selections or alternates during the coming twelve months, beginning with the current Club selection. As a member, I will receive a free Bonus Book with each four Club selections or alternates I accept.

SPECIAL NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted I will return all books in 7 days and this membership will be canceled.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss (Please Print)

Street and No.

City Zone Stete

Age, if under 21 [Same price in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2] [Offer good only in the U.S.A. and Canada]